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The Sketch

No. 1031.—Vol. LXXX.

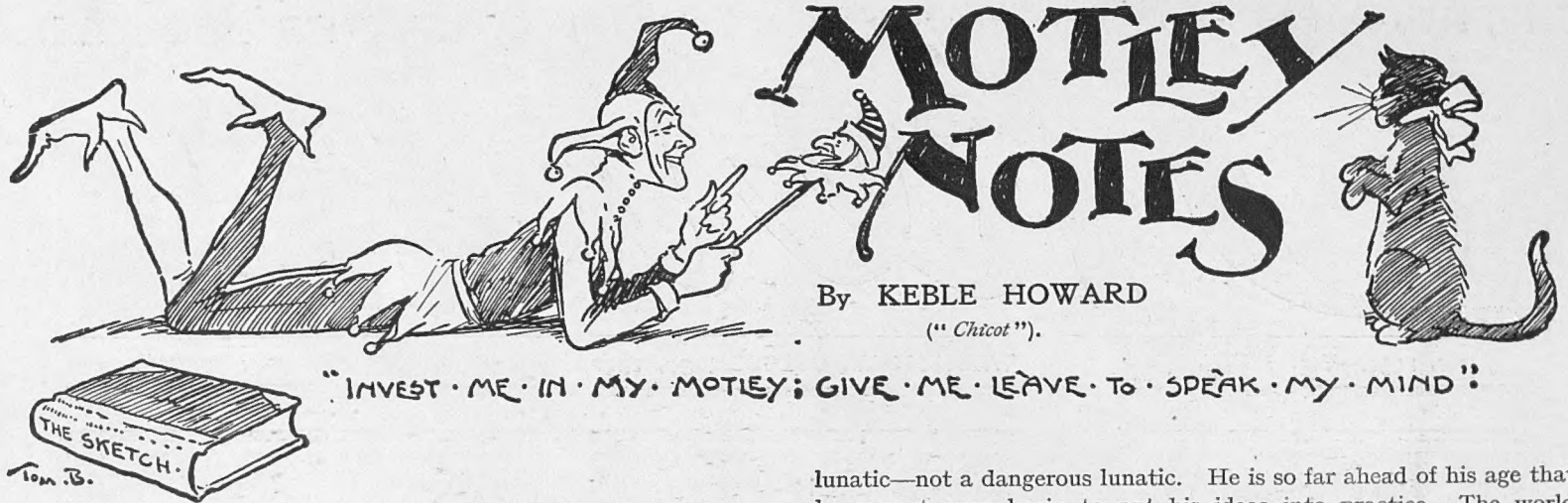
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



RATHER A BIG JUMP FROM HAMLET: MR. HARRY LAUDER AS GEORDIE POW, WITH MR. AND MRS. GRAHAM MOFFAT AS MATTHA INGLIS AND LEEZIE INGLIS, IN "A SCRAPE O' THE PEN."

Mr. Harry Lauder has been making some very interesting incursions on to the legitimate stage. Not content with playing Hamlet—in which character, it is understood, he is to appear at the Oxford on Nov. 11 in a matinée of the Grand Order of Water Rats—he arranged also to take a part in a charity matinée of "A Scrape o' the Pen," Mr. Graham Moffat's new Scottish play at the Comedy, on Tuesday, Oct. 29. The matinée was got up in aid of the children's hospitals of London. Asked the other day whether Hamlet was not rather a big jump from Geordie Pow, Mr. Lauder replied: "Ay, a big jump."—[*Photograph by Ellis and Walery.*]



A Small Tribute. I have just read, with very real regret, of the death of my friend and neighbour, Robert Barr. When I say that I have read of his death with regret, I mean regret for those who have lost him—his relatives, his friends, and the huge public that likes a good yarn told with humour and a sense of drama. From Barr's own point of view, there is not, I suppose, more reason for regret than the inevitable sorrow of leaving those he loved. Life, I think, held little more for him. I fancy that he had realised most of his ambitions, and a man has not much hold on life when he has no further ambition. Barr had made a great name; he had been a successful journalist and a successful novelist; he had founded—in conjunction with Jerome K. Jerome—that delightful magazine of one's undergraduate days, the *Idler*. He had roughed it up and down the world, and he had finally settled in a house commanding one of the most beautiful views in England. For some years past he seemed to me a "sick man," despite the vigour and humour of "Young Lord Stranleigh."

I remember seeing him one day, not so long ago, in the Strand. He was making his way, I fancy, from the Savage Club to Charing Cross Station. He was not hurrying, as other people hurry in the Strand, but just strolling casually along, a cigarette, in a holder, pointing heavenwards from the corner of his mouth, and his Inverness flapping in the breeze.

"I saw you in the Strand," I said to him, a week or two later, "looking as though you didn't care a hoot."

"Well, I don't," said Barr.

An Early Kindness. It was in the Savage Club that I first met Robert Barr. He had as his guest at the luncheon-table his brother, Mr. James Barr, one of the most familiar personalities of Fleet Street, and the author of an extraordinary book entitled, "The Gods Give My Donkey Wings." (James Barr gave me a copy of that novel, which I treasure. "Some people think the title affected," he said apologetically; "but if you read the book, you'll see at once that no other title was possible." I withhold my judgment).

Barr asked me, at this meeting, whether I had written a book. I told him that I was just about to publish my first real book—a little story called, "Love and a Cottage."

"Jimmy," he said, "we must look into this." And he did look into it, with, for me, excellent results. He printed nearly a whole chapter in the *Idler*, with a prefatory note, and a full-page photograph of the author. (I was so modest in those days that I was taken sitting at a desk with my back to the camera.)

That is the sort of generous act one never forgets. You may imagine the impression that a spontaneous kindness of that sort made upon a young author with all his battles before him.

A Game for Dark Evenings. Are you before your time, friend the reader, of your time, or after your time? There is a nice little problem for you to consider these long evenings. And would you rather be before your time, of your time, or after your time? I think the world is very cruel to people who are before their time; it does not understand them. It is kind to people who are of their time; the world likes them because they are like the rest of the world. But the real heroes are the people who are born about twenty years after their time.

Take, for example, any sort of reformer. The reformer who is born one thousand years before his time is looked upon as a harmless

lunatic—not a dangerous lunatic. He is so far ahead of his age that he cannot even begin to put his ideas into practice. The world writes him off, therefore, as a harmless lunatic. The man who is born one hundred years before his time is regarded as a dangerous lunatic. He can do a little; he gets a small following; he is a danger, therefore, to society, and must be kept under lock and key.

The man who is born ten years before his time is a faddist, and a clever poseur, and a bit of a charlatan. He is tolerated because he really gets quite a considerable following. He is not alone. He is far from defenceless. Still, the world cannot take him to its breast, because he is, after all, ten years before his time.

The man who is born twenty years after his time suddenly discovers that such-and-such a thing is dreadfully behind the times and must be reformed. He reaps the benefit of the work that has been done by the harmless lunatic, the dangerous lunatic, and the clever poseur. He is the chap that the world crowns with laurels, extols to the heavens, and immortalises in stone effigies all over the place.

If, friend the reader, you ever get a chance of being born again, get born twenty years after your time—that is to say, always providing you *want* to have your effigy in stone all over the place.

Two of My Pet Topics.

I am moved to these profound remarks by the passionate discussions that are being carried on in the Press just now on the subject of education. They make me think that I must have been born a few years before my time. Nearly ten years ago, in books, magazines, weekly journals, and daily papers, I tried to point out that a University education was a handicap to any boy who had to make his own way in the world outside certain stereotyped professions. I was jumped upon, flung in the mud, rolled over, kicked, and left to bemoan my foolishness in lonely agony.

And to-day—what do I find? A number of worthy people, hundreds of worthy people, asking themselves, with terror-stricken faces, whether a boy's fortune really *is* made when he has passed through Oxford or Cambridge!!!

The Cricket Superstition.

A year or two later, I did an even more daring thing. I wrote an article in a weekly paper in which I put it to the parents of England to decide whether the boy who played the best cricket was really the finest, and the noblest, and the most intelligent boy in his school, and worthy to be the highest pride of his parents. Several other papers quoted my article, but nearly all of them called me a fool, and an ass, and a milksop for my pains.

As if I did not know that I should be called a milksop when I wrote the article! As if I did not know that that was the very reason why the subject had not been tackled before! Why, had I not been called a milksop, here would have been a clear proof that I had bungled my article, and was not fit to take money from any newspaper proprietor. It was one of the most cherished traditions of England, at that day, that the boy who shone at games of skill could do no wrong, whilst the boy who did not shine at games of skill would have been better in the lethal chamber immediately after birth.

"Was," I say, for to-day I find readers of my daily papers actually writing to ask the editors, in all seriousness, whether the boy who does not excel at cricket might not, possibly, be worth a tiny niche in the world! Amazing!!!

THE HUNTING SEASON: MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS, NEW AND OLD.



1. THE CHIDDINGFOLD: ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE ATKINSON-WILLES.

2. THE EAST SUSSEX: MR. T. K. STAPLEY (JOINT).

3. THE FLINT AND DENBIGH: MR. E. GRIFFITH (JOINT).

4. STARTING A NEW PACK OF FOXHOUNDS IN THE GUILDFORD DISTRICT: MR. J. W. M. M. MCOWEN, EX-MASTER OF THE CHIDDINGFOLD.

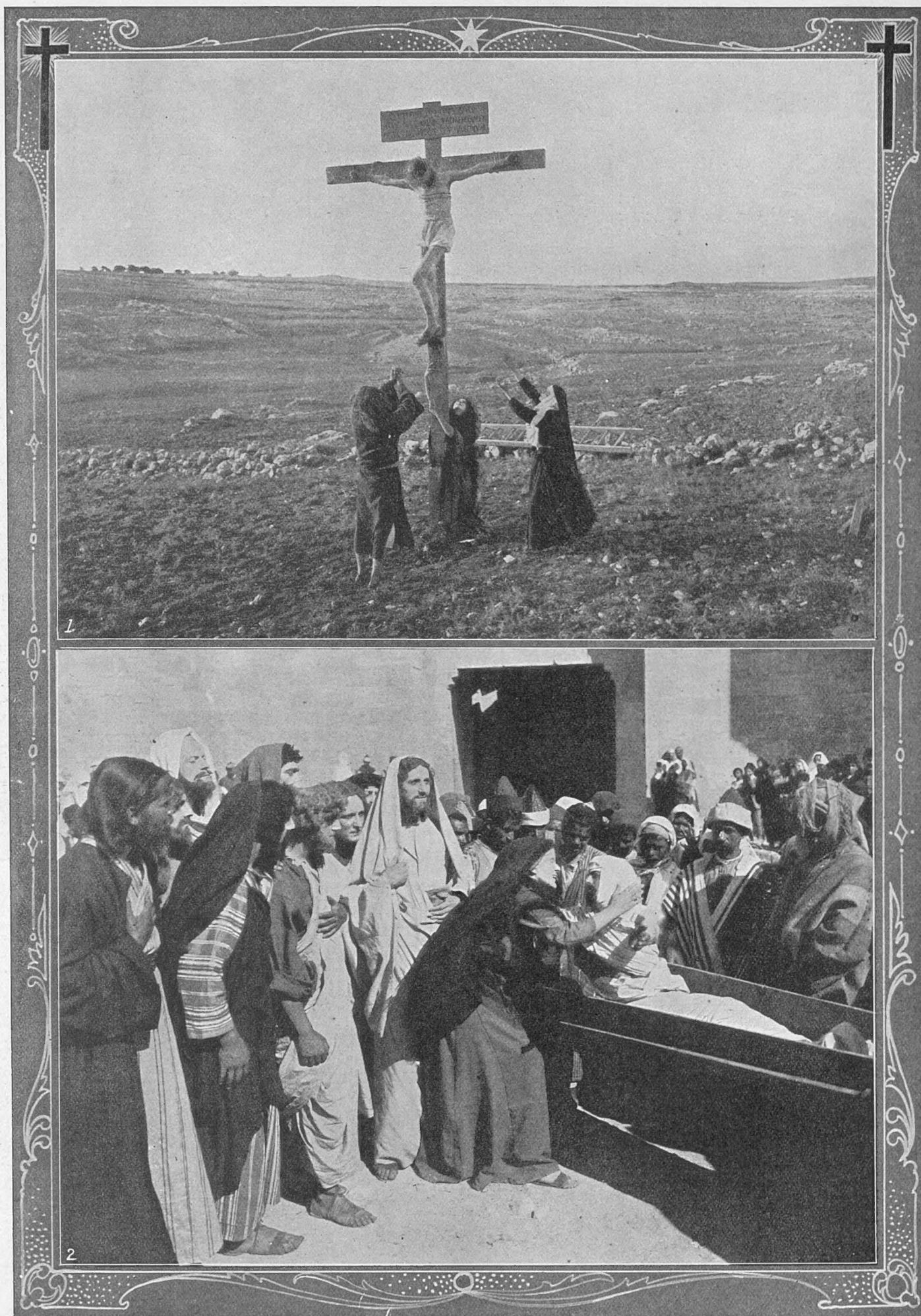
5. THE LOUTH: MR. W. DE SALIS FILGATE.

6. CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE AVON VALE: MR. WALTER LONG, M.P.

7. EAST CORNWALL: MR. W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS.

Admiral Sir George Atkinson-Willes, the new Master of the Chiddingfold, was Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies from 1903 until 1906. He served with the Naval Brigade in the Abyssinian War of 1868; directed the operations against the Dervish stronghold of Illig, in 1904; and, in 1904 also, was present, as Commander-in-Chief, on the Somali coast during the operations against the Mullah.—Mr. T. K. Stapley is Joint-Master with Mr. R. H. Baskerville, and is also huntsman of the pack.—Mr. Griffith is Joint-Master with Mr. R. W. Williams Wynn.—Mr. W. de Salis Filgate is Ireland's oldest M.F.H., and has just entered his fifty-third season as Master of the Louth Foxhounds.—The Master of the Avon Vale is Mr. J. S. H. Fullerton.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

ARE YOU FOR THE DEAN OR THE DOCTOR? THE DISPUTED FILMS.



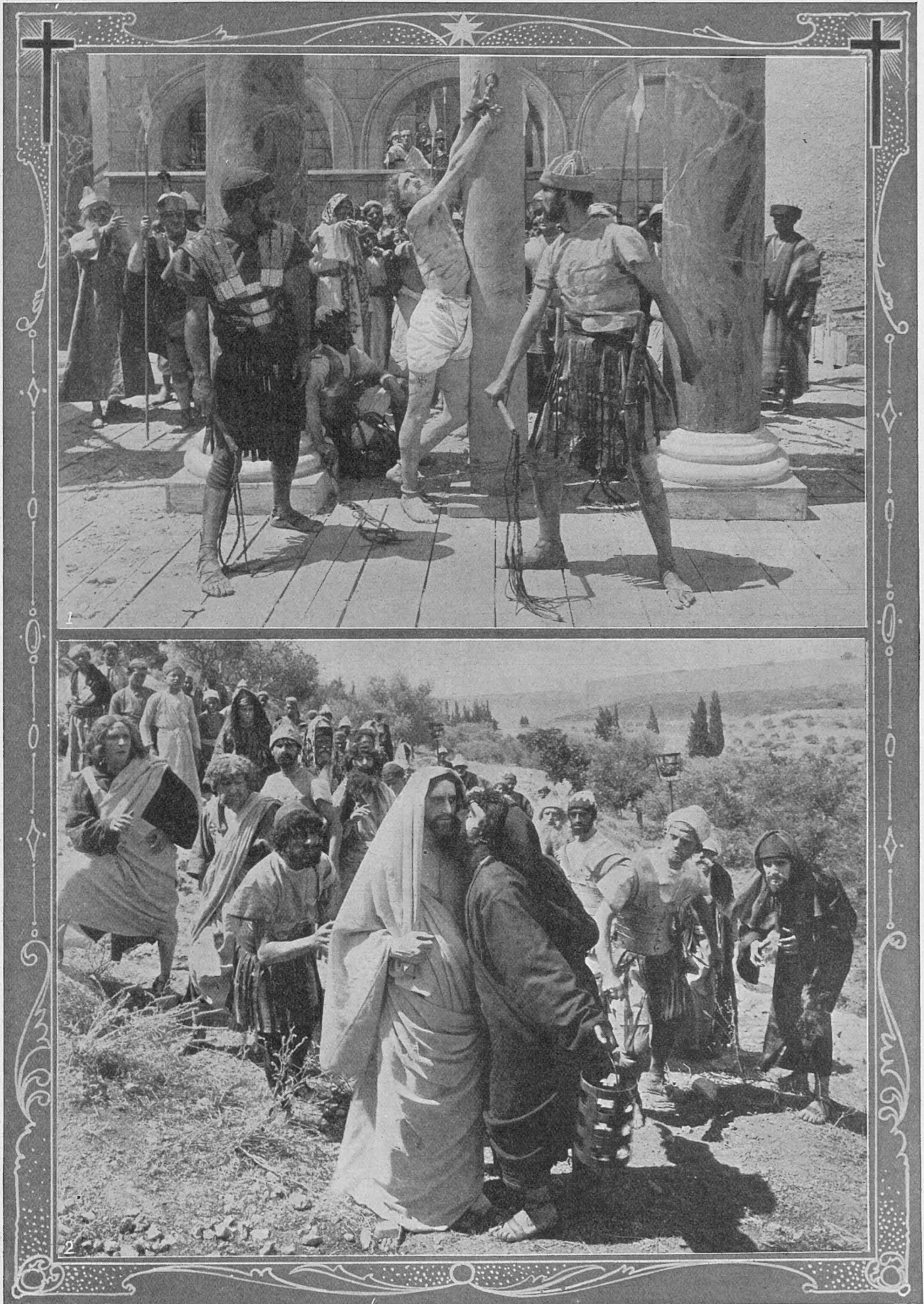
1. THE CRUCIFIXION.

2. THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

Considerable controversy has been aroused by the production of a cinematograph film illustrating scenes and incidents in the life of Christ, and bearing the title, "From Manger to Cross." This was exhibited privately the other day at the Queen's Hall by the Kalem Company, whose agents in London are the M.P. Sales Agency, Ltd., of 86, Wardour Street. It is said to have cost £20,000 to make the film, and a company of forty-two were employed. The actors and actresses were abroad for four months, in Palestine and Egypt. A section of the film was taken on Calvary. A number of clergymen accepted invitations to be present at the Queen's Hall. The "Daily Mail" asked these gentlemen their opinions. Seventy-four voting-papers were sent to the office of the paper. These showed that one clergyman was decidedly against the production of the film; that ten offered adverse criticisms; and that sixty-three expressed approval. Amongst those against the production was Dr. Chilton, Headmaster of the City of London School, who said, for instance: "The thing that offended me most, of course, was the tremendous melodrama

[Continued opposite.

DISPUTED CINEMA FILMS: "MANGER TO CROSS" SUBJECTS.



1. THE SCOURGING.

2. THE KISS OF JUDAS.

Continued.

of the Judas motif. He was the merest villain of melodrama. Then the High Priests of the Scriptures were no doubt men of culture, but here we have them rubbing their hands like Jews of the Drury Lane melodrama type. . . . The producers of this drama have put forward the miraculous side apparently because miracles lend themselves to reproduction. You might for all the world be looking at a series of illusions or conjuring tricks. When I saw our Lord making wine out of water and lifting up the flagon to show the colour of the wine I found myself asking the question, 'How do they do it?' Exception has been taken also, in some quarters, to the scourging of Christ, the raising of the widow's son, and the Crucifixion. Amongst those in favour of the films was Dr. William Inge, the Dean of St. Paul's, who said: "I thought the exhibition reverent and beautiful. I shall certainly recommend others to see it." The point should be emphasised that the films are not to be shown in any picture palace in the world, but only in churches, town-halls, institutes, and similarly appropriate buildings.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
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 Harrow. Tel. 423.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

GIVEN the title "The Dancing Mistress" and the names of
 George Edwardes, Lionel Monckton, Tanner, Adrian Ross,
 Percy Greenbanks, and of the company, and you can easily
 guess what the new musical play at the Adelphi is like. There are
 no troublesome surprises in it. At least, there was one on the first
 night, for we heard a good deal of booing at the end, which most of
 the critics ignored, perhaps because they did not wait till the bitter
 end—at about 11.45 on a Saturday. There is plenty of plot, a little
 confused, and no wit; the lyrics are neat, and the setting is gor-
 geous. Mr. Monckton's music is as clever as usual—a little cleverer,
 even, in workmanship—and he has written a waltz, on the Viennese
 model, which will be hummed, whistled, and danced round the town.
 Miss Gertie Millar made her customary success in her well-known
 way as the heroine. Miss Gracie Leigh played, sang, and danced
 the soubrette part charmingly; Miss Elsie Spain looked handsome
 and sang well; Mlle. Caumont, by her strenuous humours, made
 the house roar with laughter; Mr. Blakeley was quite amusing, and
 Mr. Joseph Coyne delighted his numerous admirers.

"Tantrums," at the Criterion, is a case of a capital idea used
 without much skill. All London—including the Suffragettes—
 would have been diverted by a play in which Petruccio, after
 announcing his intention of taming Katharine, was compelled by her
 to eat the leek—or should we say, the daffodil?—if it had been clever.
 Unfortunately, Mr. Stayton has not shown much cleverness. Some
 scenes are comic in a rather obvious way, and these belong to farce;
 but the author, from time to time, changes to comedy, and is some-
 what dull. Indeed, there is a fatal indecision in style after the first
 act, with a consequent shifting of the plane of probability, so that
 the play is unconvincing from any point of view. Miss Marjorie
 Day showed some talent as the shrewish Virginia. To Miss Christine
 Silver quite a poor little part is given. Mr. O. B. Clarence plays
 an old-man character perfectly; one would like to have more of him;
 and Mr. Thomas Deverell represented a foolish fellow very well.

A matinée at the Little Theatre introduced three one-act plays,
 of which only one—"The Gentleman who was Sorry," by Messrs.
 A. Neil Lyons and Philip E. Hubbard—showed much promise. It
 was an effective study of some Cockney characters gathered round a
 coffee-stall. Of story there was none—it was merely an incident
 which gave Miss Esmé Hubbard an opportunity for a faithful sketch
 of low life and a really genuine exhibition of feeling. "The Sacrifice,"
 by Alfred Crocker, was a little Greek playlet of no special
 distinction; but Miss Edith Craig—its producer—made a wonderful
 picture of it in the Gordon Craig manner.

Another matinée at the same theatre showed us "Just the
 Thing," by Charles Frederick, which was a farce apparently intended
 by its author to be a comedy with a moral. A girl who had lost her
 latchkey accepted a night's hospitality from a young man, and
 spent a good part of the morning breakfasting and conversing gaily
 with him in his pyjamas without there being any sinister suggestion;
 and the mainspring of its humour consisted of her repeated rushes
 behind a curtain to avoid certain farcically virtuous people whom we
 were invited to despise. Mr. Charles Windermere is a low-comedian
 of some merit, with an easy style, and Miss Florence Born is an
 attractive actress worthy of better things.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

WARD, LOCK. Her Marriage Lines. Marie C. Leighton. 6s.	WERNER LAURIE. The Story of Harvey Sinclair. George Trelawney. 2s. net.
DUCKWORTH. Elizabeth, Betsy, and Bess. Lily Scho- field. 6s.	Life's Shop Window. Victoria Cross. 1s. net.
CONSTABLE. The Story of Richard Doubledick.— Captain Boldheart.—The Trial of William Tinkling. Charles Dickens. 2s. net each.	LONDON COLISEUM. The Bernhardt Birthday Book. 2s. 6d. net.
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"JOHNNY TURK," HIS GERMAN MENTOR, AND A CHANGE OF FRONT—AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Thoughts of Von der Goltz. It would be intensely interesting just now to know what Field-Marshal von der Goltz, the famous Prussian General who reorganised the Turkish army, thinks of the progress of the war in the Balkans. No living man knows what the chances of Turkey are so well as the Field-Marshal does, for the man who organised Turkey's headquarters staff must be acquainted with the plans to resist invasion which it has been the duty of that staff to draw up. The German War Office has a great belief in the preparation of plans beforehand to meet all emergencies, and if invasions on paper were threats, we in Great Britain ought to tremble at the multitude of calculations for the seizure of England which are stacked away in the pigeon-holes of

military feat, though it may be overshadowed by the greater events in progress now in European Turkey. It speaks volumes for the morale of the Turkish army that its commanders can afford to give its enemies the encouragement of victories in preliminary skirmishes—that it only fights at its outposts sufficiently to delay the advance and to make the enemy show his strength. The Crimea is now ancient history; but we Britons knew the Turk better in those days than we do now, and "Johnny Turk," as our men used to call him, was a prime favourite with the armies of France and England. Plevna is still in the memory of all soldiers, that great battlefield where the might of all the Russians was held in check, and where the valour of the Roumanian troops in capturing the Greivtza Redoubt just turned the scales of battle in favour of the Christians.



WINNER OF £1000 FOR A "BEST NOVEL": MISS ROSE MACAULAY.

Miss Macaulay recently won the £1000 prize offered by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton for the best novel submitted to them. This bears the title "The Lee Shore," and has just been published. She will be remembered, also, as author of "Views and Vagabonds."

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.

The New Face for Buckingham Palace.

I am told that the new Portland-stone face for Buckingham Palace, which is to replace the black stucco, is to be accounted part of the Victoria Memorial scheme, and that Parliament will not be called upon to vote any money for the improvement of the King's house. As the new Mall and the triumphal arch at its Admiralty end, and the great white group of statuary and the new gates, and the great circle of road, are all part of the Memorial, and as the Mall front of Buckingham Palace is a contemptible background to the Victoria statue, it will be for the benefit of the public, not for the convenience of their Majesties, that the new front is to be built. The sides of Buckingham Palace require no improvement.



AT THE FIRST MEET ATTENDED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AT OXFORD: WITH THE MAGDALEN AND NEW COLLEGE BEAGLES.

Photograph by Topical.

the German War Office, alongside similar plans for the destruction of every country in Europe.

The Turks' Waiting Game.

Turkish strategy in her latest wars has been a waiting one, and if Turkey relinquished any advantage she might have gained by striking at one or the other of the Balkan allies before the other States could come to its assistance, it was because the Turk believed that the waiting game in the end would prove the best. Probably, by the time these lines are in print, an assault will have been made on one of the great Turkish fortified positions; and if that assault is successful it will only be because the Turks have neglected some of the essentials of the plans made for them to resist the attack of the allies, which had long ago been foreseen. Reinforcements of Turkish troops are pouring in from Asia Minor, and before long money—which is wanted as much as, if not more than, men—will begin to stream into the Turkish treasury, for good Mussulmans all the world over, though they may not be able to serve with the Sultan's troops, can and will subscribe money to help the head of their faith in repelling what every good Mohammedan regards as Christian aggression.

In Tripoli.

The last war into which Turkey was forced in an attempt to maintain her territories intact was the war in Tripoli. When the Italians found that the town of Tripoli was relinquished to them without any effective resistance, the hotter heads amongst the invaders believed that they had the Turk on the run, and that he would give everywhere before the push of the bayonets of the Bersaglieri. But the Turkish General knew that the sand was a better defence to his forces than the sea was, and the Italians, after a year's campaigning and after spending enormous sums of money, had conquered very little more territory than that which the Turks conceded to them. The two thousand regular Turkish soldiers who are to be transported back to their native country have accomplished a great



THE ROYAL OXFORD MAN OUT WITH THE MAGDALEN AND NEW COLLEGE BEAGLES: THE PRINCE OF WALES ATTENDING HIS FIRST RUN WITH THE PACK.

The Prince is seen on the extreme left of the photograph.—[Photograph by Topical.]



THE announcement in a dramatic paper of "the chance of a lifetime" in the way of a Shaw manuscript smacks, at first reading, of "G. B. S." himself. Two thousand is a stiff figure to put upon the autograph of a living writer—unless the valuer is also the author. But Mr. Shaw in this case may be acquitted of nursing the market and rearing a fat price. Letters, and even manuscripts, slip into the market mysteriously enough. Mr. Shaw not long ago heard of a bundle of his letters being offered

for sale in a shop off St. Martin's Lane. "Are you a bookseller by day and a burglar by night?" he wired to the man who offered them. Perhaps Mr. Gosse, walking westwards from the House of Lords, was equally astonished to see a postcard addressed to himself from Mr. Thomas Hardy in Sotheran's Piccadilly window. The price in this case bore no signs of interested inflation. At seven-and-sixpence its original owner might well have cared to repurchase it; but another buyer was too quick.

Champion of Luncheons. Mr. William

Gillett falls not a jot away from the Gillettian tradition. Living up to the Mr. Gillett of last year, the year before, and the year before that, he is still the pillar of the Bachelors'. The luncheon of a week ago was even more impressive than the luncheons of the past. The Duke and Duchess of Teck, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and such foreign Ministers as could with propriety leave the tape and its entanglement of international tidings, were present; Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lady Annesley and Lady Clare Annesley, Lady Newborough, Sir Charles and Lady Forbes, and Mr. Richard Bagot were among the Gillett guests. And talk, of course, was

WIFE OF VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ALFRED PAGET: LADY PAGET.

Lady Paget is the eldest daughter of Sir William MacGregor, Governor of Queensland. Her marriage took place in 1906. Sir Alfred Paget, son of the late General Lord Alfred Henry Paget, fifth son of the first Marquess of Anglesey, entered the Royal Navy in 1865, and became a Vice-Admiral last year.—[Photograph by Lillie Charles.]

brisk, except for a moment when the paper-boys in Piccadilly seemed to be shouting news from the Balkans. There was a momentary silence, but for what proved to be only a hoarse "First two winners!"

Lord Camoys on the Way to the Scaffold. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin were also

in the Gillett group, and with them was seen Lord Camoys, whose American wife links him up with a whole new world of Anglo-Americans. He was more or less a stranger at the Bachelors', but fresh from the house which will once more make a Londoner of him. He finds it interesting to think of it as being in Tyburnia, but only by a stretch of the imagination can Falmouth House be brought into the area of executions. Surrey House, which, on the other hand, according to the latest reading of London

topography, is as nearly on the site as may be, has been put at the disposal of a Christmas Charity Exhibition committee for four days early in November by Lady Battersea, the ever-kind.

November Pairs. Nothing would have been more appropriate than the "pairing" of Sir Archibald Williamson and Major Morrison-Bell, the Liberal and Conservative bridegrooms of November. But the weddings are not to fall on the same day. Each is big enough to fill a separate bill. Major Morrison-Bell goes over from the Commons to St. Margaret's, there to join Miss Lilah Wingfield, on Thursday, the 21st; while Sir Archibald Williamson and Miss Agnes Herschell will be married in the same church on the 27th. St. Peter's, Eaton Square, is also to be the scene of crowded ceremonies.



ENGAGED TO MR. W. J. SHANNON: MISS ALBERTA MARY RIDLEY.

Miss Ridley is the only child of the late Mr. Charles N. Ridley, and of Mrs. Ridley, of South Warnborough Lodge, Winchester. Mr. Shannon is in the 16th (Queen's) Lancers.

Photograph by Thomson.

The Red Cross. It is taken for granted that Lord

Rothschild should, both officially and privately, take the initiative in despatching surgeons to the front. But Jewish service of the Red Cross does not end with him. One party got off in record time: by several days the first to go, they went quickly on their Christian mission, because they were sent quickly. And the man who sent them was Sir Ernest Cassel.

Lord Crewe's Triumph.

The choice among many distinguished men willing to preside at Friday's dinner to Sir Sidney Colvin presented one minor difficulty. The dinner is to Colvin the Keeper, who for long years has looked after the British Museum Prints and Drawings. The Reading Room, of course, is like Charing Cross, or the Gare du Sud, or the sweet-shop in the Street of Palaces in Genoa, or any other of those crucial situations where all men find themselves at least once in a lifetime. In the Elgin Marbles Room, too, you can meet anybody, from Mr. Garvin to the Chief of the Bashi Bazouks, if you wait long enough. But where was the man who had done Sir Sidney the compliment of knowing his Department? Lord Crewe, it seems, had really been there, and he will preside on Friday.



A SCORNER OF INCOME-TAX ABATEMENT ON HIS PARLIAMENTARY SALARY: MR. FELIX CASSEL, M.P., K.C.

Mr. Cassel recently returned £100 to Mr. Lloyd George, saying that the abatement allowed on the salaries of M.P.s is illegal. It will be remembered that some pertinent questions as to this abatement were put to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House by Mr. W. Peel (now Lord Peel), Lord Wolmer, and Lord Tullibardine. Mr. Cassel, who is a Conservative, is the member for West St. Pancras. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cassel. Four years ago he married Lady Helen Grimston, daughter of the third Earl of Verulam.

Photograph by Russell.



THE KING VISITING MR. AND MRS. JOHN WARD AT CHILTON LODGE, HUNGERFORD, BERKSHIRE: HIS MAJESTY, HIS HOST AND HOSTESS, AND MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE PARTY.

The second figure on the left is the Earl of Ilchester; next to him is Lady Herbert; then, after missing one, come Mrs. John Ward, the King, Lord Herbert, Mr. John Ward, Sir Charles Cust, Lady Wolverton, Lady Ilchester, and Lord Wolverton.—[Photograph by Reveley.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



NAZIM PASHA—FOR BEING "THE TURKISH KITCHENER" AND MAINTAINING A MASTERLY SILENCE.

Photograph by Nouvelle.



MISS FRANCES HOWARD—FOR BEING A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF LORD STRATHCONA, AND BEING ENGAGED TO LIEUT. JAMES BULLER KITSON, R.N.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD—FOR DISCOVERING NINE VARIETIES OF THAT "STINKING VEGETABLE"—THE LEEK.

Photograph by Mauld and Fox.



SIR W. CONYNGHAM GREENE—FOR BEING APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO OUR ALLY IN THE FAR EAST, JAPAN.

Photograph by Stephanie Maud.



THE MARQUESS OF TWEEDDALE—FOR BECOMING ENGAGED TO MISS MARGUERITE RALLI, DAUGHTER OF MRS. LEWIS EINSTEIN.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MR. THOMAS HETHERINGTON—FOR BEING (PROBABLY) THE OLDEST MAN TO GO UP AS PASSENGER IN AN AEROPLANE.



SIR ASTON WEBB—FOR BEING ORDERED TO THE FRONT—OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, AND RESOLVING TO PUT A GOOD FACE ON IT.

Photograph by Holtzer.



MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE—FOR MARRYING A MEMBER OF A PROFESSION WHICH EVERY WOMAN DREADS—DR. ALBERT PFEIFFER, THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN DENTIST.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



DR. LEONARD HILL—FOR VENTILATING A SCHEME TO INTRODUCE SEA-BREEZES INTO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS WHICH MIGHT KILL OFF SOME MEMBERS.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Nazim Pasha, the Turkish Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces against the Balkan Allies, has been called "the Kitchener of Turkey," owing to his gifts of organisation and faculty for selecting good subordinates.—Miss Frances Howard, whose engagement to Lieutenant James Buller Kitson, R.N., has just been announced, is a daughter of Mrs. R. J. B. Howard, the only daughter of Lord Strathcona.—Sir George Birdwood, who recently propounded the now famous "baby or the picture" problem, has once more leapt into the light of publicity with his researches on the leek v. daffodil controversy in connection with the Welsh emblem on the Insurance Stamps. In a recent letter to the "Times" he gave the names of nine plants which contain the word "leek." In the House of Commons the leek was alluded to as "a stinking vegetable."—Sir William Conyngham Greene, who for the last two years has been British Minister in Denmark, has been appointed Ambassador to Japan.—The Marquess of Tweeddale, who succeeded to the title a few months ago on the death of his father, has just become engaged to Miss Marguerite Ralli, only daughter of Mrs. Einstein, and a niece of Mrs. Edward Stonor. The ancestors of the Rallis fled to England and France to escape Turkish massacres of Christians in Chios in 1821.—Mr. P. Hetherington, J.P., of Berechurch Hall, Essex, lately went for a long air-cruise over his estate. He is sixty-five, and is believed to be the oldest man who has yet been up in an aeroplane. Mr. Balfour, who is sixty-four, runs him close.—Sir Aston Webb, the famous architect, has designed a new façade for Buckingham Palace, which has received the sanction of the authorities. Work will be begun at the end of next July.—Miss Alexandra Carlisle, at present best known to the public as Everywoman in the morality play of that name at Drury Lane, was quietly married a few weeks ago, it has just been announced, to Dr. Albert Pfeiffer, an American surgeon and dentist, of Wimpole Street.—Dr. Leonard Hill, who is Professor of Physiology at the London Hospital, recently suggested a plan whereby the air used to ventilate the House of Commons might be sprayed with sea-water, and thus introduce bracing breezes into the House. Fear has been expressed that the draughts might kill off some elderly members.



LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

"SCRATCH the poet and you find the journalist" is a rule both ribald and unreliable. On Nov. 2 Lady Margaret Sackville dines with the Women of the Press at the Criterion and sits among the editors; but Lord Northcliffe and his paper-peers know that

courses of his heroines. Like those of all the poets, who are idealists, her sympathies in politics are generous. Beneath the Tory lady of Sussex—Shelley's county—is the Irish Home Ruler and the abetter of the Balkans.



AT SIR SAVILE CROSSLEY'S SHOOT NEAR LOWESTOFT:
A LUNCHEON-PARTY GROUP.

In the group are Sir Savile Crossley, Bt., and Lady Crossley; Lord and Lady Vivian; Lord and Lady Hastings; Colonel the Hon. Charles Willoughby (brother of Lord Ancaster) and Lady Muriel Willoughby; Captain and Mrs. Godfrey-Faussett; Mr. and Mrs. Whitbread; Mr. Crossley; and Mr. Remington Wilson.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

nothing prevails upon her to make more than infrequent and flying visits to the Street. Mr. Chesterton says it leads to Paradise; but there are other ways. Lady Margaret has chosen the tranquil paths that suit her tranquil mood. Tranquillity is the keynote of her manner, and Fleet Street is essential noise.

Blood of Song. In no sense is Lady Margaret Sackville's poetry skin-deep. Even by the journalistic rule of the blue-book it is more than that. She has Blood of Song. Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, was famous for verses before Shakespeare was born; and when, a few years ago, the Poets' Club gathered together the descendants of the poets, further hereditary laurels were found for the young author without any undue ingenuity on the part of Mr. Lucas and his fellow-genealogists. In her books her own poetic growth is clear as any pedigree. With the first volume, in 1901, she became known to the more attentive watchers of contemporary rhyme; with "A Hymn to Dionysus, and Other Poems," in 1905, her rhythms and meanings swept a wider horizon. "Hildris the Queen," in 1908, and "Fairy Tales for Old and Young" (written in collaboration with a friend), in 1909, marked the consistent advance towards the fine achievement of last year's "Bertrud, and Other Dramatic Poems." But Lady Margaret's poetry is not locked away in print. It is personal: a thing of manner and aspect that even the smoke of the lady journalists' cigarettes (and of her own) cannot obscure.

The Sussex of Revolt. Something of sylvan waywardness in her looks ("she has eyes of youth, she writes verses," and is the blonde of the family) makes a notable contrast with the quietude of her speech. To be a bacchante to the eye (and to dance like one under the persuasion of private theatricals); and at the same time to 'be a Minerva of talk is the peculiar triumph, not perhaps of Girton, but of certain feminine phases of the age. Sincerity, and the cultivation of the un-hysterical attitude unknown to Victorian damsels, mark her as belonging to the epoch towards which Meredith shaped the

The Pamphleteer. Like Shelley, she is a pamphleteer. Certain "Letters to Ireland," scornful of wealth and eager for the regeneration of the true national spirit, bore the name of "Charles Lawson-Smith"—a disguise that served its purpose at the time. Political traditions that are all for the poor and the persecuted may be traced to the connection of her relatives the Lamingtons with the Young England party. Her mother, Constance Lady de la Warr, remembers that when she was a girl at Lamington, Disraeli, to break the monotony of table talk, used to flick little scribbled notes at her across the dishes. She tells, too, of a luncheon in the woods at Buckhurst, which was disturbed by sudden galloping of horse and tinkling of bells. "Dizzy," a lover of the incongruous, explained that he had given orders that the Queen's messengers should search the groves for him. Titania's are the bells most often heard by Lady Margaret among the oaks of Buckhurst.



SIR SAVILE CROSSLEY'S SHOOT AT SOMERLEYTON HALL, NEAR LOWESTOFT: LADY CROSSLEY AND LADY VIVIAN.

Sir Savile Crossley (of Belle Vue, Halifax), the second baronet of a creation dating from 1863, married Phyllis, youngest daughter of General Sir Henry Percival de Bathe, Bt., in 1887.—In 1911, Lord Vivian married, as his second wife, Mrs. Nancy Lycett Rose, widow of Captain Adrian Rose, of the Royal Horse Guards, and daughter of Mr. Edward Lycett Green.

in Edinburgh she has been attentive to all that Robert Louis Stevenson and the Castle could offer in the way of picturesque impressions, and failed in the end to think of it as home.

The Two Talents. Perhaps her brother, Lord de la Warr, knows as little about the fairyland of her stories as she about the Town Councils of Bexhill. He can create a watering-place, with piers and motor-tracks, a casino and a front—but not for her. She has never exceeded the speed-limit, and never been in that casino. A cottage with a garden and a stream at the garden's end suffices. "There's no music like the river's. The stream plays the same tune (and that the favourite) over and over again, and yet does not weary of it." The band-stand is of another world. And yet she has lived in the city. With her mother



ON THE "EDINBURGH CASTLE" AT SOUTHAMPTON: LORD AND LADY GLADSTONE ON THEIR RETURN TO SOUTH AFRICA.

From left to right are Sir Richard Paget, Bt., Mrs. Galloway, Lord Gladstone, Lady Gladstone, Lady Muriel Paget, the Hon. Winifred Douglas Pennant (half-sister of Lord Penrhyn), and Major Carruthers.—[Photograph by C.N.]

'HUNTING' STONES AND BIRDS: DIAMONDS AND FLAMINGOES.



THE ATTRACTION OF WEALTH: "STALKING" DIAMONDS IN GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

There are various attractions which arouse the desires of man and lure him forth into the desert-places of the earth, scaling giddy precipices, crossing wastes of snow and ice, or grovelling in the barren ground for precious stones. Here are shown some diamond-seekers prospecting in German South-West Africa. "The old diamond-digger," says a German writer on the subject, "knows how to 'stalk' diamonds, and is familiar with all the signs. When he sees a protuberance on the ground, or a slight depression, he will have the soil passed through a sieve and washed, to find whether any olivines, garnets, etc., are there, these minerals being the chief characteristics of diamondiferous soil. Diggers sometimes work for days in rain, aided by Kaffirs." A deposit of diamonds was found some years ago near Lüderitz Bay, German South-West Africa, and in 1909 the value of diamonds exported from that country was £771,776.



THE ATTRACTION OF SPORT: SHOOTING FLAMINGOES BY AN ARGENTINE LAGOON.

Describing the abundance of sport of various kinds to be had in the Pampa, that great grassy, treeless expanse of South America, a French writer says, "A flight of flamingoes by the banks of a lagoon is, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful sights to be seen in La Pampa; and if only the artists who habitually paint Mme. de Pompadour could be inspired by it, assuredly that triangle of rosy wings losing itself in the azure would be a preferable subject for their dainty brushes. The flamingo has a peculiar habit. It only lays its eggs in places specially chosen for that purpose by preceding generations, and probably selected as affording shelter from animal enemies or from flood."



ROYAL BOUNTY FOR THE DUKE OF YORK'S? THE GREAT TRIPLE BILL.

The Triplets.

Probably Mr. Frohman will not apply for the royal bounty in respect of his triplets. For one of them is almost still-born, and another hardly viable. The third, however, is a bouncing girl, Miss "Rosalind," and likely to live for many years. I shudder to think of what would have happened at the Duke of York's if Barrie had not come to the rescue. "Overruled," called, for some undiscoverable reason, a "demonstration," is by "G. B. S.," who really seems to be sleeping on his laurels—or royalties. Without making any effort at dramatic invention, he has chucked on to the stage a collection of fireworks, including some damp squibs, such as the joke on "Lunn," the name given to a character in order to found a half-hearted jest about a "Sally Lunn." What a brilliant sally—if one may follow suit—this joke about Gilbert's "gay sally lunn." Of course, "Overruled"—why. "overruled," I do not know—has its clever twists and turns of idea and witty speeches, some of them showing great forbearance, or stupidity, on the part of the Censors. Perhaps the last phrase is wrong, and our two-headed Cerberus was merely acting on its quaint law that, in a piece of no importance, a suspicion of "risk" does not matter. But what a pity that "G. B. S." does not believe that too much is as bad as a fast—or worse. However, we had twenty minutes or so of fun, and another twenty with an occasional laugh, if a little depressed at seeing our famous modernist imitate Gilbert's worst form of humour—the contrast of big woman and small man. No wonder that some enthusiasts have called the great "G. B. S." "a back number." At any rate, we had clever acting. Indeed, Miss Miriam Lewes played brilliantly as Mrs. Juno—she might have used just a shade less make-up with advantage. Mr. Claude King acted very well.

Pinero's Ghost.

At times I rubbed my eyes and faintly asked myself the famous question whether visions were about. For to see Pinero's name to what seemed like an unskilful adaptation of an old-fashioned ghost-story, without a thrill in it, was startling. One could imagine that the piece might be funny with the whimsical treatment of a Barrie, or handled topsy-turvy by a Shaw; but told romantically, it fell very flat. We were so chastened that even when the boards actually creaked under the tread of the "too, too solid" ghost, who never melted but walked stolidly on and off, we did not smile. Perhaps it is best to say no more about "The Widow of Wasdale Head," except to add that Miss Margery Maude acted very prettily.

"Rosalind."

There is still a mystery as to the reason why the characters are called "Mrs. [why not 'Mistress' ?] Page," "Charles (her friend)," and "Mrs. Quickly"; but it does not matter: doubts may arise whether Charles, when

taking Rosalind to lunch, would not have seen through her make-up and discovered that she was middle-aged—but who cares? Some may even wonder whether leading ladies of the legitimate stage do lark about with young gentlemen of fashion. I fancy that the author confounds them with the charmers of the musical-comedy

boards, whose captures of rich youthful gentlemen are chronicled in the papers as "Another Romance of the Stage," and subsequently — sometimes — as "Divorce of a Well-Known Actress": the "romance," alas! lies chiefly in the newspaper statements concerning the career, family, etc. of the bride. Trifling matters, these, in comparison with the curious insincerity of the clever comedy, characteristic of the esteemed author, who in most of his dramatic work makes some sacrifices of truth to theatrical effect. Indeed, the reason why J. M. Barrie, despite his amazing gifts, is not a great dramatist is that he is "too jolly clever by half," to use a schoolboy phrase, and does not take his work quite seriously. "Rosalind" is wonderfully clever, very amusing, and surprisingly near to the truth, but yet far from it. Look at the remarkable skill shown in provoking the curiosity of the audience. When we see the middle-aged actress resting, not in the professional sense of the word, we know there is a mystery, and that somehow it is connected with the beautiful young Beatrice, whose portrait is on the mantelpiece, and we wonder, not impatiently, since the scene between the two women is amusing in itself. "Charles, her friend," enters—never mind the amazing coincidence, quite unexplained, or the utter improbability that something in Mrs. Page would not startle him and remind him of his beloved. We all know that he is in love with Beatrice, and will see the photograph, and then that the drama will begin; but who on earth could guess that the drama lies in the fact that the brilliant, beautiful Beatrice, with slim figure, pink-and-white face, and dainty feet, and the sallow, dowdy, middle-aged actress, with slack corset and felt slippers, are one! There is a surprise, for once falsifying the wise rule that you must not surprise your audience!

Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

Afterwards comes a charming scene between the two, a little marred by her quite needless statement about the "stains" on her character, and a brilliant ending, leaving us all delighted by the play, and, for a time, forgetful of its flaws. And also delighted by the acting—for Miss Irene Vanbrugh gives a superb performance, full of quiet, broad humour at the start, and working up to an outburst of delirious gaiety at the end, touching, *en passant*, notes of half-a-dozen different

emotions perfectly. Although, necessarily, a little overshadowed, Mr. Donald Calthrop stands up bravely to her, and his "Charles, her friend" is a remarkably clever, sincere performance, of which any actor might be proud.

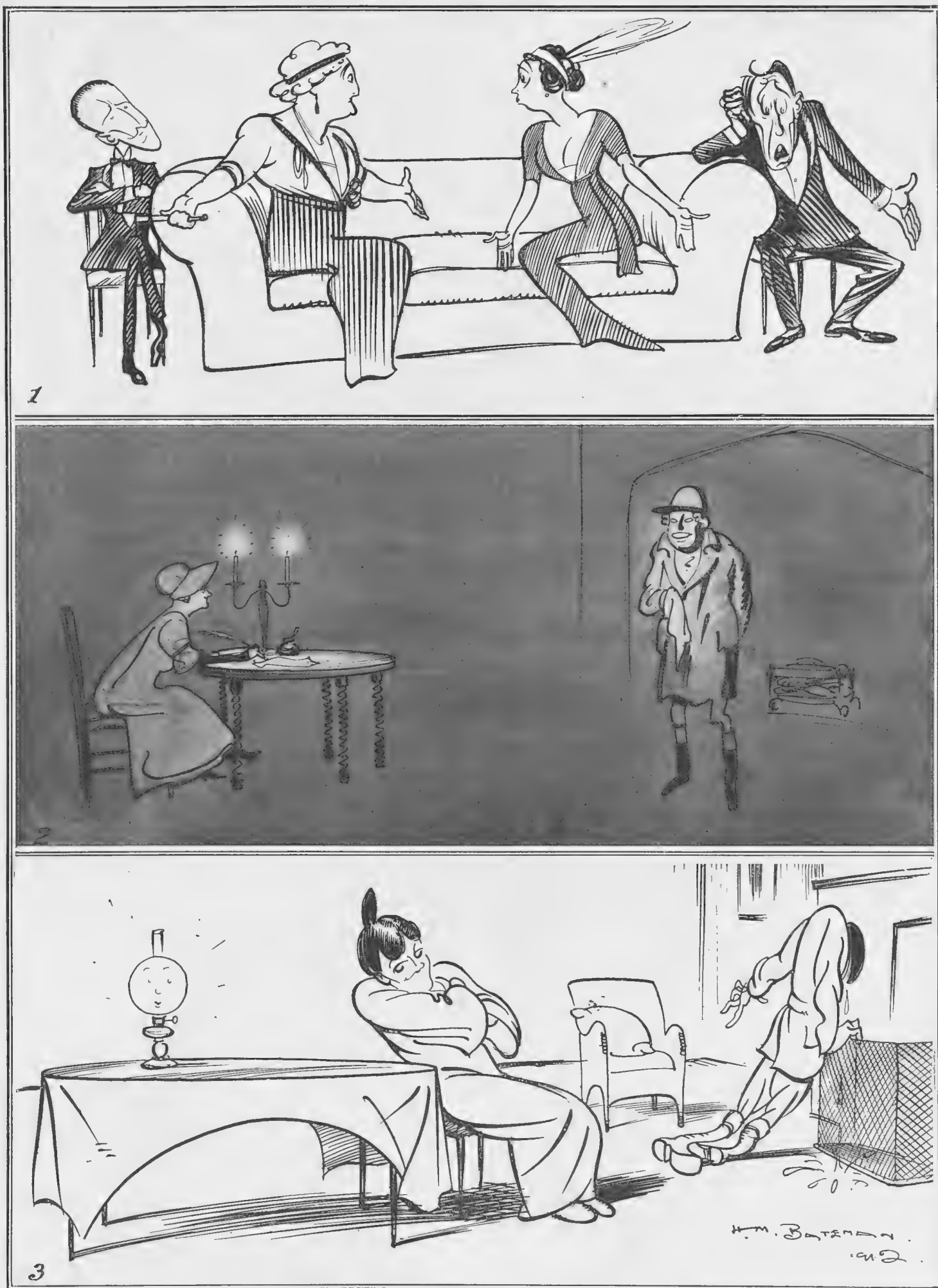
E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



TRIPLE BILL EXPRESSIONS IN THE STALLS: 1. MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "OVERRULED"; 2. SIR ARTHUR PINERO'S "THE WIDOW OF WASDALE HEAD"; 3. MR. J. M. BARRIE'S "ROSALIND."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

OUR UNTAMED ARTIST AT THE PLAY: THE TRIPLE BILL.



1. "WE'VE BEEN HERE SINCE 8.30, AND GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT": MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "OVERRULED."
2. THE TAME GHOST: SIR ARTHUR PINERO'S "THE WIDOW OF WASDALE HEAD."
3. "I'M SO SORRY TO UPSET YOU, CHARLES; BUT THE STALLS ARE FULL OF TWENTY-NINES": MR. J. M. BARRIE'S "ROSALIND."

The much-discussed triple bill at the Duke of York's consists of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Overruled," Sir Arthur Pinero's "The Widow of Wasdale Head," and Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Rosalind." In Mr. Bateman's first caricature are Mr. Adolphus Vane Tempest as Sibthorpe Juno, Miss Geraldine Olliffe as Mrs. Lunn, Miss Miriam Lewes as Mrs. Juno, and Mr. Claude King as Gregory Lunn; in the second are Miss Margery Maude as Mrs. Jesmond, and Mr. Fred Kerr as the Visitor; in the third are Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Mrs. Page and Mr. Donald Calthrop as Charles, her friend.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

HISTORY and his Majesty's visits repeat themselves at Elveden. "Since leaving your appallingly luxurious place," began the duty-letter of a certain guest who had enjoyed its comforts not wisely but too well, and found the outer world a mean place in comparison. Against the charge of extravagance Lord Iveagh shelters himself behind the Maharajah Duleep Singh, a former occupier who left the gorgeous East in his tracks. The King, who has still the Prince of Wales to house, will look with renewed interest at a mansion which was at one time in the running with Sandringham. But there is always another touch that gives point to his Majesty's visits to Lord Iveagh—the host's thank-offerings. During a royal stay in Ireland a public fund profited to the extent of five thousand a day, for Lord Iveagh had had that visit very much at heart.

"Love Me, Love My Friends."

It is characteristic of the present reign that the Queen's particular friends are generally married to the King's, and vice-versa. There is a unanimity in their Majesties' choice of friends which is not at all in accord with the famous and fashionable divergences of other and less amiable couples. The man who gives up dining at his own house because he never knows a soul he meets there exists in fact as well as in fiction.

The composition of Mr. and Mrs. John Ward's shooting party for the King illustrated the regal liking. Lord Ilchester, seen much at his Majesty's side during the visit, has for wife a lady to whom Queen Mary is as closely attached as to any at her Court. Nor are the two camps—the male afield with the gun and the female within with the needle—segregated at Chilton Lodge. The women-folk—according to the now frequent fashion—joined the sportsmen for luncheons that were

the features of the day; and the cold game received almost as much attention as the birds on the wing.

Her Majesty in South Audley Street.

The wounded, by common consent, are in a neutral zone, and last week the Queen counted herself free to go to South Audley Street to inspect and give her advice as to the patterns of the feeding-cups to be despatched to the Balkans. It seemed, as her Majesty admitted, a small thing to be able to do, and a small thing to be found as touching as she found it. But all the war news being at the time utterly unreliable, and the combatants more or less cut off from the ken of the rest of the world, to touch the cups that were so soon to be carried to the lips



TO MARRY MR. E. B. MAXWELL ON NOV. 2: MISS SYBIL LUBBOCK.

Miss Lubbock is the daughter of Sir Neville and Lady Lubbock, of Oakley, Bromley Common. Her father is the eldest of Lord Avebury's brothers. Mr. Edward Boyd Maxwell, R.F.A., is the son of the late Mr. James Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell, of 19, Cornwall Gardens.

Photograph by Swaine.



ILL—MYSTERIOUSLY: THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, ONLY SON OF THE TSAR.

Much mystery has been made as to the nature of the illness of the Russian Emperor's eight-year-old heir; but there can be no doubt that it was serious. Fortunately, at the moment of writing an improvement in his condition is reported.

Photograph by Sport and General.



MARRIED LAST WEEK: MRS. ARTHUR CLEMENT KNOLLYS (FORMERLY MISS MARGARET HELEN GIBBONS) AND MR. KNOLLYS.

Mrs. Knollys is the youngest daughter of Sir William and Lady Gibbons, of Weybridge. Mr. Knollys, third son of the late Sir Courtenay Knollys, Commander-in-Chief of the Leeward Islands, is Assistant Colonial Secretary in Gambia. [*Photographs by Lafayette.*]



of dying men brought the thing more nearly home than a dozen censored telegrams. Queen Alexandra has great and more personal anxieties as to the fortunes of the war, and she, too, finds some relief in an active participation in the despatch of succour to the front.

A Dynastic Child. News of the illness of the little Tsarevitch was naturally a matter of great moment at Ken Wood. But not quite for the reason half-implied by the journal that speaks of the Grand Duke Michael as second heir to the throne of Russia. The Grand Duke Michael, in common English, means one of the best-known figures in London, the cousin of the Tsar, who came as an exile to this country after hismorganatic marriage with the Countess Torby, twenty years ago and more. In Russia the Grand Duke Michael is another person altogether—the only brother of the Tsar, and himself the Tsarevitch until the birth of Alexis Nicholaievitch in 1904. It was at that birth that the Tsar is reported to have said that the arrival of a son meant more to him than a

victory against the Japanese—a saying really too perilous to have been made within hearing of anybody but a discreet mother and a new-born babe. But whether made or not it was thought worth reporting.

Anti-materialist. Mr. Everard Feilding's illness abroad was so sudden and serious

that Lord Denbigh left England at an hour or two's notice to attend his brother's bedside. The news that he is out of danger comes as a great relief. Mr. Feilding got through his fighting as a midshipman in the Egyptian campaign, in which Lord Denbigh also served. Since he came to the age of reason he has found life too engrossing to give much time to the arts of slaughter. Among his more illusory pursuits may be mentioned the quest of a particularly interesting ghost in his native northern Wales; and, immediately before this illness, the search, with Professor Bergson, for the seat of human consciousness. It seems doubtful whether

"brainy" is, after all, the centre of all our more or less addled egoisms.

A Table Spoonerism. The great guns of the gun trade have emerged with the waging of war. Sir Hiram Maxim is eyed by everybody who gets within range of him at a restaurant, and a story is told of Mr. Hotchkiss, as the guest of honour at a large board, being toasted not long ago by a fluent chairman. "I have the pleasure, gentlemen," he began, "to propose our distinguished guest. His name alone is all-powerful; the last syllable itself is strong as armies. Queens have crossed seas for it, princes have waged war for it. Gentlemen, Mr Hitchkoss." Then the speaker hid his face in his glass.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN HEReward WAKE, D.S.O.: MISS MARGARET BENSON.

Miss Benson is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benson, of Buckhurst, Sussex. Captain Wake is the eldest son of Sir Hereward Wake, the twelfth Baronet. He served in South Africa.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

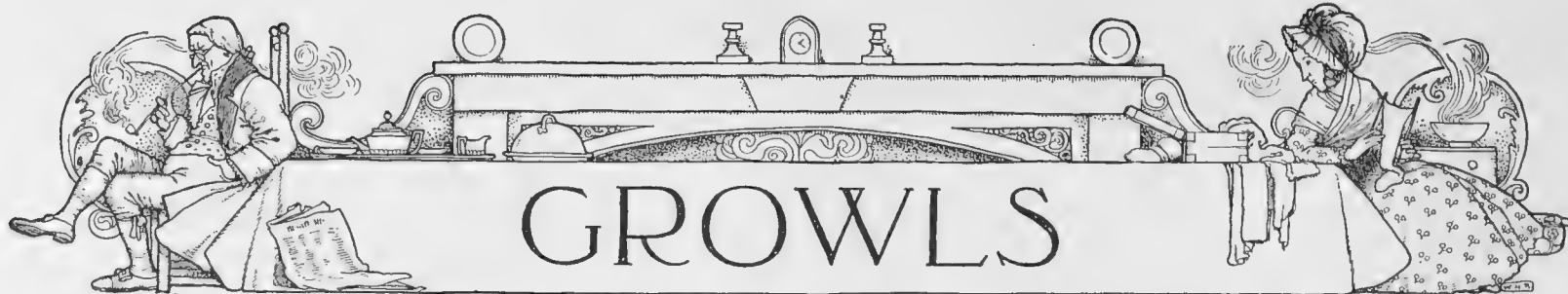
LILI BLACKENED: A MUSICAL - COMEDY PROFILE.



SILHOUETTED BY PHOTOGRAPHY: MISS GINA PALERME.

Miss Palerme plays Lili, a Parisienne, in "The Dancing Mistress," the new musical comedy at the Royal Adelphi Theatre, and is meeting with much success.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by E. O. Hoppé.



THE LONDON JUGGERNAUT: AN ENGLISHMAN'S PAVEMENT NO LONGER HIS CASTLE.

I MAY have nothing in particular or of importance to live for. Nevertheless, I cling tenaciously to life, and especially I entertain strong objections to becoming a mangled corpse. This may predicate a weakness of moral character, but there it is. The more mature I grow the more attenuated becomes my liking for being run over, and contemporaneously with this diminution arrive new inventions fairly obviously bent upon my extermination. No sooner do I sally forth into the public streets than, to the accompaniment of hoots and shrieks, vehicles of huge dimensions and mighty speed swoop down upon me from all directions. A fleet of omnibuses of menacing colour and gigantic proportions looms over me, while in its wake comes a flotilla of spiteful taxis.

Crossing the Strand.

Now I would not be unreasonable in this matter, and I am prepared to acknowledge that London must not be behind other capitals in its adoption of modes of traction more scientific than horses can claim to be. My complaint is based upon a solid foundation. I frankly own that if I casually stroll down the middle of a busy thoroughfare I have no earthly right to expect not to be annihilated. I candidly confess that if I am fool enough to attempt to cross a street under modern conditions I am laying myself open to a charge of attempting to commit suicide. No person in his sane and sober senses ever dreams of crossing the Strand nowadays. If he happens to be on the south side, on the south side he must remain. No desire for entertainment or refreshment can tempt him to make the passage, no call of duty or prospect of profit can lure him to the undertaking of so desperate an enterprise. He who infringes this rule of life will inevitably be, and will assuredly deserve to be, run over. All this I freely grant, but

my growl is founded upon the dreadful fact that I am not safe even on the pavement. In the good old days the horse knew his place. He recognised that the roadway was his pathway in life, and even on the rare occasions when he took it into his head to bolt he hardly ever left that allotted road. In those days an Englishman's pavement was his castle. There he could unflinchingly exhibit himself in his best attire without fear of invasion. But we have changed all that, and now, as I pursue my way, I am painfully conscious that at any moment I may be crushed beneath the wheels of a lumbering London Juggernaut. I am a fatalist

Infinite Skiddishness.

worths of people, regardless of my pardonable desire to continue in existence. To nobody else is given the liberty to make attempts upon my life. There is no one with a license to drop chairs and tables on my head from their windows as I pursue my peaceful way; and anyone who picked me off with an air-gun as I passed would be infringing some statute or other. Street vehicles alone may perpetrate indiscriminate slaughter. I will not go so far as to suggest for a moment that their deadly work is done of malice prepense, but the motor-'bus is a contraption of infinite skiddishness. Like necessity, it knows no law, and without warning will in a moment be out of the control of its driver, and, not being endowed with the consideration and tactfulness of the

It is intolerable that the advance of the times should involve sending forth these mighty engines of destruction, packed with penny-

horse, it will make straight for the unoffending pedestrians on the pavement. All this happens in a flash. The blameless passer-by has no time for arguing with the thing, neither can he lightly brush it aside. He is doomed from the word "go," with his last weighty words unsaid and his last farewells unspoken. Some folks do not seem much to mind this arbitrary procedure, but I, personally, very strongly object to being "cut off even in the blossoms of my sin, unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled," in order that a lot of insignificant persons may travel at a faster pace than formerly from the Bank to Piccadilly Circus. They have no right to save their time at the expense of my safety. In their wild desire to see life they are not justified in compassing my death. I decline to place my fate in the hands of penny passengers being conveyed to ridiculous destinations, and I claim that so long as I remain a law-abiding citizen, I shall have the opportunity of making my perambulations without death staring me in the face.

A Final Rumble.

As one who is continually threatened with this danger, and one who, more likely than not, has been reduced to unpicturesque atoms before this growl appears in print, I enter my formal protest. I much regret to read that this matter has been brought to the notice of the House of Commons, because we are in a position to know perfectly well that this means the at any rate temporary shelving of a question that closely affects us all. I may not be a desirable person; I may be the exact opposite of a thing of beauty and a joy for ever; but I certainly do not see the fun of risking my skin for the benefit of people who are no more things of beauty than I am.

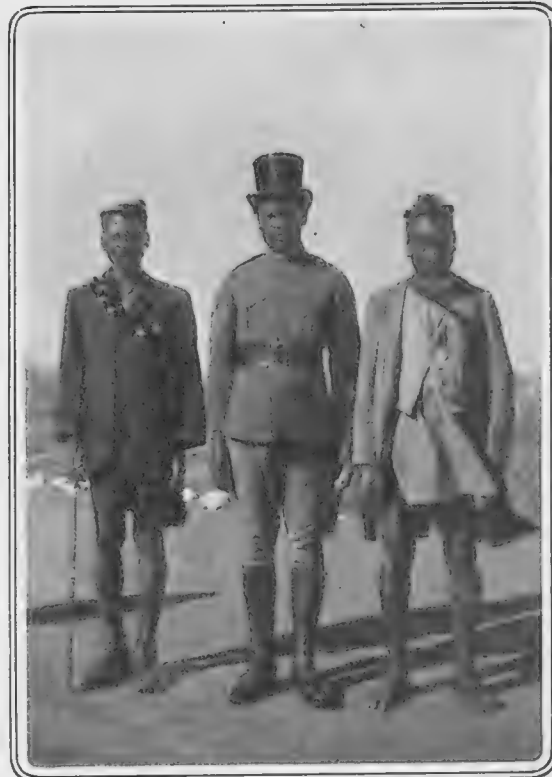
MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



THE HEIR TO THE RULER OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE: THE CROWN PRINCE OF TURKEY, WITH COLONEL DJEVAD BEY ON HIS RIGHT AND COLONEL NOUREY BEY ON HIS LEFT.

Mohammed V., Sultan of Turkey, succeeded on the deposition of his elder brother, Sultan Abdul Hamid II., in April 1909. He has four children—Zia-Ed-Din Effendi, born in 1877; Nedjm-Ed-Din Effendi, born 1881; Eumer-Hilmi Effendi, born 1883; and Refia Sultana, born 1887. By the law of succession, the crown is inherited according to seniority by the male descendants of Ottoman, sprung from the imperial harem. The Sultan is succeeded by his eldest son; but only in case there are no uncles or cousins of greater age.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

myself, but even a fatalist has his rights, and it is incredible that the law should go on allowing these monstrous mechanisms to put me in jeopardy every time I take a walk.



WITH TOP HAT AND UNIFORM AS SIGNS OF RANK: CHIEF NGQAMNZANA.

The photograph shows Chief Ngqamnzana with his two headmen, Mbenge and Njanja. Our correspondent writes: "Ngqamnzana is chief of the second largest native tribe in Natal. The photograph was taken recently in the Ladysmith district at the time of the collection of the native hut tax by the magistrate. The tribe pays the Government about £4000 a year. Ngqamnzana is seen here got up in honour of the occasion in a silk hat, probably given him, and a uniform bought at an old-clothes shop. The dress is his idea of a real swell; but, of course, he has no right to wear a uniform of any sort."

Things that Keep Us Awake.

NO. III.—WHETHER TO ASK FOR AN INCREASE OF SALARY OR NOT.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



MAN'S FOLLY IN MARRYING: WOMANLY ADVICE TO BACHELORS.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

PLACARDS are tantalising things—I mean the placards by which newspaper-vendors lure the halfpennies out of the pockets of passers-by. They are like the pregnant, puzzling, truncated sentences that knock at your brain as you overhear them in streets and trains, church and theatre. At Newmarket the other day, two women in front of me were earnestly confabulating. So intimate and earnest was their talk that the feathers of their respective hats formed a mixed panache. Just this one sentence reached me, "Yes, my dear, but she is much too proud to defend it, poor thing. He will have it in his favour as likely as not." And from that moment I was more interested in their mysterious friend, her husband, her lover, and her fate than in the Cesarewitch. I wanted to know more about the distressed and haughty one, to advise her not to be proud: most virtues are fatal, but pride is the most hopeless of all. I do wish "he," whoever he is, won't "get it in his favour."

Thus placards at street-corners whet our interest. You see some "Big Victory" spreading itself in black mourning letters (fittingly so, for every victory should be spelled disaster), and you wonder what can have happened since you read the last newspaper, what more sacking, burning, pillaging—in a word, what new glory. The other morning one placard—a pink one this, obviously as a sign of optimism—sent me on my way speculating amusedly. "Should a Man Marry a Suffragette?" the placard asked of you. That is the sort of problem the Sphinx loved to pose, while anticipatively licking her chops.

If it is unwise for a man to marry a Suffragette, then it is equally unwise for him to marry at all. For we are Suffragettes all. We do not all want the vote, but everyone of us wants what she has not got. It merely happens that the vote is, unfortunately, the only thing left to ask for. What makes it worth having is that it is being refused. I am sure that married men were responsible for two of the wisest legends concerning women. One is Pandora's box; the other one, Bluebeard and his secret chamber. The story of Bluebeard is, as a matter of fact, no legend, but a perverted *fait divers*. My opinion is that Gilles de Retz, alias Bluebeard, was already tired of his wife, and that he gave her the key knowing full well he was thus securing a pretext for his wrath. His "You may look wherever you wish, but—" was an obvious, if fiendish, ruse. The impossible alone is desirable, or something difficult or dangerous enough to be deemed impossible. What makes

a woman's life worth living is obtaining something. What the thing is matters not. The sport is in the process.

I wonder how many women have ever realised how foolishly generous it is for man to marry. Men generally commit the great sacrifice in, as Messieurs of the jury tactfully put it, "a fit of insanity" called love. Unfortunately, this form of insanity is the most easily cured, oftener by homœopathy, or simply and infallibly by time. See, then, how bravely and quixotically man behaves. He goes on giving all in return for something he no longer values.

His work, his time, his presence, his outward fidelity, the three-parts of his income, all this is his wife's, whether he loves her still or not. When a man marries he gives ambition the cold shoulder. Marriage makes a man's heart grow fat. His inspiration goes about in felt slippers, his energy wears a muffler of knitted silk. Some say that men marry to be comfortable; but, as a matter of fact, man's idea of comfort is not woman's; and, on marrying, man has to abandon most of his bachelor habits and adopt quite new notions of ease and pleasure. Any trained house-keeper would make him more comfortable than a wife, who has many other interests and ambitions besides keeping house. Whatever advantages man derives from marriage he could possess without it. On his marriage day man binds Freedom hand and foot, and clips the wings of that Blue Bird of happiness—Uncertainty. Many married men have become great, it is true, but they would probably have become greater still had they been unmarried.

Christ died a divine bachelor. Napoleon was married, but he successfully and often forgot it. Mahomet's married life was established on the all-wise Oriental rules.

Man's best work is best done alone. An excellent wife may be but a poor muse. Masterpieces have been achieved to win a wife—never to keep a wife. Unhappy love has made great singers, whose songs were poems, statues, pictures; a happy home life mollycoddles talent until it is rotund, commonplace, and short of breath. Don Quixote, with a sensible Donna Quixote at his elbow, would never have tilted at windmills and never made himself so sublimely ridiculous. Watteau married would have painted woman as she is, and not as she appeared to an exquisite and aloof dreamer. Chopin, well nursed and healthy, might never have haunted us with his neurasthenic and capricious wailings.

Should a man marry a Suffragette? Should he marry at all?



MRS. T. H. R. HUGHES, MASTER OF THE NEUADD FAWR FOXHOUNDS.



EVELYN, COUNTESS OF CRAVEN, MASTER OF THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN'S FOXHOUNDS.



MISS EDITH SOMERVILLE, MASTER OF THE CARBERY WEST FOXHOUNDS.



LADY GIFFORD, MASTER OF LADY GIFFORD'S HARRIERS.

LADY MASTERS—THREE OF FOXHOUNDS; ONE OF HARRIERS.

Photographs by Sport and General.

BITTER.



THE MAGISTRATE: What brought you to this?
THE PRISONER: Two coppers.
THE MAGISTRATE: Drunk, I suppose?
THE PRISONER: Yus — both on 'em.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



THE VALLEY OF THE 2733 SHRINES: PICTURESQUE NEPAL.*

Electricity; and
Dynamite Bait.

"Down the main bazaar of Katmandu a row of electric-light standards was being erected, and with the present progressive policy of the Nepal Durbar in other directions, the old is, almost hourly, giving place to the new." Thus Mr. Percy Brown, in the preface of his most engrossing book. And again, in the body of the work, "A cheery Nepali officer riding by dismounted and commenced a conversation. . . . He assured us that there were fish to be caught, and that in several places he had been most successful, having landed many large mahseer with but little trouble. . . . Cautiously the question was put, knowing that often these matters are jealously guarded secrets, but 'what bait did our friend use with such glorious results?' And the reply came with the innocent smile of a child, 'Dynamite.'"

Most Holy
Ground.

Yet, most fortunately, Nepal is not yet spoilt by Westernisation. It is still a sacred valley of 2733 shrines. Still it remains the country of "sermons in stones." "She narrowly escapes treading on a special step around which every devout person carefully walks, for on it is painted the holy emblem of The Eye. . . . Unrecognised and apparently insignificant shrines and sanctified places encumber the ground . . . and the uninitiated sightseer, with eyes aloft on carved balconies and perforated windows, is in constant danger of profaning these holy emblems with his uncompromising boots."

The Red
Hand on
Colours.

Still, there are strange, barbaric customs. Witness the so-called "Blessing of the Colours" in the "kot" at Katmandu during the Dassera Festival. Buffaloes are sacrificed. Then the rite begins. "All the officers join in this, the principal figure being the Commander-in-Chief, who, accompanied by attendants bearing a great brass basin of fresh blood, now conducts the ceremony. Marching up to each stand of colours, this fine-looking warrior, dressed in easy but appropriate 'mufti,' solemnly dips both hands in the basin of gore, and claps these together with the fabric of the flag between, thus stamping an impression of a bloody hand on each side of the standard. Each colour is treated in this way."

The Shabby Boy
"Great Lama."

And the "Great Lama" still strikes terror to the heart. Mr. Brown saw him in the Rudra Varna Maha Vihar, in Patan. He was permitted to enter the monastery. "Suddenly," he writes, "without any apparent cause, the whole crowd was thrown into violent commotion; men backed themselves against the walls or retired into recesses. . . . I was pushed unceremoniously from the doorway into a tight corner. . . . Then broke on my ears the faint, methodical sound of a tinkling bell some distance away, and a hoarse voice in my ear informed me that 'the Great Lama arrives.' . . . And then the 'Great Lama' came. I was astonished. A shabby, diminutive boy of about ten years of age, bare-headed, wearing a greasy sort of 'half-coat' cut in a special fashion, and a dark maroon skirt, looking neither to the right nor to the left, passed rapidly down the human lane prepared for him, round the courtyard and into the darkness of the temple door. In one hand he held a wand, and suspended from his neck by a cord was a largish bell, which, falling on to his projecting waistband, was jerked forward at every step, and in this manner caused to ring. Apparently oblivious of his surroundings, yet conscious of his unique position, and that the way would be prepared for his coming, he passed like an automaton before my eyes and disappeared. The crowd and myself breathed again."



RATS AS ATTRIBUTES OF A DEITY: A SHRINE DEDICATED TO GANESH, AT PATAN.

"Almost blocking up the passage is a shrine to Ganesha, with the attributes of this popular divinity in the shape of two colossal bronze rats crouching on pedestals in front."

Reproduced from Mr. Percy Brown's "Picturesque Nepal," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. A. and C. Black.



A GOD IN A TANK: THE SUBMERGED STONE FIGURE OF NARAIN AT BALAJI.

"It is hardly necessary to add that Balaji has its religious significance, and for this one must look into a small tank . . . near a temple decorated with Tantric carvings. Reclining full length in this receptacle, with all but the face submerged, is a carved stone figure of Narain, framed with a hood of snakes' heads projecting from the surface of the water. The statue of this deity is about ten feet long."

Reproduced from Mr. Percy Brown's "Picturesque Nepal," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. A. and C. Black.

Brown does not use the word "remarkable" inadvisedly. His book proves the contrary on every page, and, as a natural consequence, is as fascinating as it is valuable, both from the literary and from the artistic point of view. None who is interested in crafts and customs and beliefs which are being stifled by the "improvements" the years bring with them can afford to neglect it. It is a record to be conserved.

* "Picturesque Nepal," By Percy Brown, Indian Educational Service, Associate of the Royal College of Art, Principal of the Government School of Art, Calcutta; Trustee of the Indian Museum, Calcutta, and Officer in Charge of the Art Section. Fully Illustrated in Colour and in Black and White. (Adam and Charles Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

So Mr. Brown on certain phases of existence in Nepal, in that valley, hedged about by mountains, where, within an area the size of the Isle of Wight, "all the principal interests of the state are concentrated. Here are the seat of the Government, the palaces of the King and nobility, the temples and shrines, fishponds and gardens, rivers and burning - ghats, its ancient and modern capitals; here in this small hollow in the Himalayas, 4500 feet above the level of the sea, is all that appertains to the life, constitution, and history of this remarkable country." It is very evident that Mr.

"Picturesque Nepal." Brown on certain phases of existence in Nepal, in that valley, hedged about by mountains, where, within an area the size of the Isle of Wight, "all the principal interests of the state are concentrated. Here are the seat of the Government, the palaces of the King and nobility, the temples and shrines, fishponds and gardens, rivers and burning - ghats, its ancient and modern capitals; here in this small hollow in the Himalayas, 4500 feet above the level of the sea, is all that appertains to the life, constitution, and history of this remarkable country." It is very evident that Mr.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR!



THE BRUSQUE CUSTOMER (*in music-shop*): Libretto, "Mikado."
THE NEW ASSISTANT: I no speak Italiano.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A THIEF OF FIRE.

By STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

"I SHALL go away," said M'ducu decisively.

The other looked up from the axe-shaft he was carving. "Why?" he asked.

"You Mashona know nothing," explained the boy; "I am going to learn. I will go amongst the white men, and they shall teach me the magic which makes them so much stronger than the black people. Then I shall come back, and the Mashona will fear me—I shall be a mighty chief—I will rule you as my fathers did, before the white man came."

The goat-boy rolled over, and regarded the speaker with scornful wonder. "You are a fool indeed," he remarked. "The white man will make you work. You will eat the food of pigs, and the sickness will burn your heart. As for their magic, they hide that too well!" And, roused to unwonted energy by his indignation, he threw a stick at a half-starved cur, which fled, yelping.

M'ducu was annoyed; the dog was his, and the speaker's tone jarred.

"You are the fool," he retorted. "You are only a Mashona. I am a Matabele. I did not say I was going to the mines—I am going to the teachers who practise the white man's witchcraft."

The goat-boy snorted: "You speak of going, yet you have not thrown the bones with old Maramba, the witch-doctor, to find if it will be lucky."

"Maramba is a fool," M'ducu retorted; "and the bones lie—a white man told me so. I shall learn better magic than that. The Mashona know nothing."

For a moment the goat-boy was speechless, horrified at the blasphemy; then, "Son of a hyæna!" he snarled, "you had better go now; for when I tell the old men, they will kill you."

M'ducu smiled derisively. "I am going. Some day, though, I shall return and teach the people. The Mashona will fear me; and the women will brew beer for me. But you I shall kill, for the name you called me"; and, taking his sole possessions—a torn blanket and an assegai—he whistled to his dog and stalked off with such dignity as befitted a future chief.

"He will never come back," the old men decided that evening, after they had discussed the question from all aspects. "He has no family, no ties. Why should he come back?"

But one girl knew better, though she sobbed bitterly in the shadow of the grain-huts. "He promised me, and he will keep his word; but when, oh, when?"

The goat-boy, chasing a sheep which had broken its tether, found her there.

"Ah!" he said, "you are crying for him, for that M'Hlengwi dog who lived on our bounty. He will never come back. He has fled to the evil spirits his brothers."

She turned on him like a tigress. "He is not an M'Hlengwi, and you know it. He is a Matabele, and the son of a chief. One day, he will come back; and I shall tell him to kill you. I shall see you die, N'Jova."

Three years had passed, and the wanderer was almost forgotten, an indistinct memory to all save one man and one woman.

The goat-boy was merged into the young warrior; and the girl was now of an age to take up that burden of drudgery and sorrow, the married life of a native woman. Her fate was already decided—she was to marry her old enemy. Her father was dead, but her elder brother had arranged the matter. He had been long-suffering with his sister; had pointed out the impossibility, the wickedness even, of waiting for a vagrant stranger, who had doubtless long since joined the rest of his accursed tribe. She had listened to him

in silence, but her resolution had remained unchanged. At last, however, his patience had become exhausted, and at the great beer-drink in honour of the new moon, he had beaten her unmercifully, beaten her until the tough shaft of his assegai broke.

She lay where he left her, bruised and hopeless, and, in the excitement of the drumming, the incident was soon forgotten. Finding herself alone, she crawled away to the shelter of some bush, and lay down exhausted, sick at heart, vaguely praying for death.

In the morning they discovered her, and dragged her back to the village. Worn out in mind and body, her spirit seemed broken, and she sullenly gave way to her brother's wishes.

"I told you he would not come back. He is dead," N'Jova growled that night.

"He will come back," she answered wearily. "He will come back, and kill you. If he were dead already, his ghost would haunt you, and you would be dying miserably." The man shuddered in the darkness of the hut. He longed to beat her, but he feared the possible vengeance of the absent man, or, worse still, of his spirit.

The spring changed into summer, and the summer to autumn. The grain was ripe in the fields, and the hearts of the Mashona were glad, for the harvest was good.

One night, as the tired women were slowly making their way back to the kraal, they saw a small procession winding down the narrow footpath on the opposite slope: two cows with calves at heel, a man in European dress, leading a heavily laden pack-bullock, and, last of all, a woman with a child on her back.

The girl stopped to watch them. Something in the man's carriage struck her. "It is M'ducu," she said, then noticed the woman and child, and turned cold.

The strangers came on to the village, the cows breaking into a run as they caught sight of their fellows in the kraal. The pack-bullock struggled to free himself, but the string galled his nose, and he was forced to follow his master in amongst the huts. The man tied the rope to a tree-stump, and then, as if accustomed to the place, made his way to the fire round which the men were squatting. He sat down in silence, whilst the others peered at him suspiciously in the dim after-glow. Someone stirred the fire, which broke into a flame, and revealed his identity to one man at least, for N'Jova started. "M'ducu!" he gasped.

"Yes," answered the stranger, "I have come back; have you no greeting for me?"

They broke into a chorus of salutation and hand-clapping, for the despised orphan had returned, apparently rich and flourishing: he had cattle, and many goods, and a wife, perhaps money as well. So they shook hands, the double handshake of deep cordiality, and inquired of his doings.

He was ready, anxious even, to tell the story. He had been far away, very far, right to the heart of the Matopopo Hills. There he found a white teacher who taught for nothing, who even paid the people to learn. The teacher was a fool, it was true, and troubled them with much useless magic; but some things he taught were very good. He, M'ducu, had learned the reading and writing of the white man, his witchcraft of singing and praying, and his charms and omens. Then he, M'ducu, had taught others, and the white teacher had paid him well. Besides which, he used to practise the witchcraft himself, appease spirits of the dead and read omens, so that, at last, he had been able to buy cattle and blankets and calico from the teacher, who bade him go home and practise the white man's magic amongst the Mashona.

[Continued overleaf.]

A "SKETCH" TRIO.



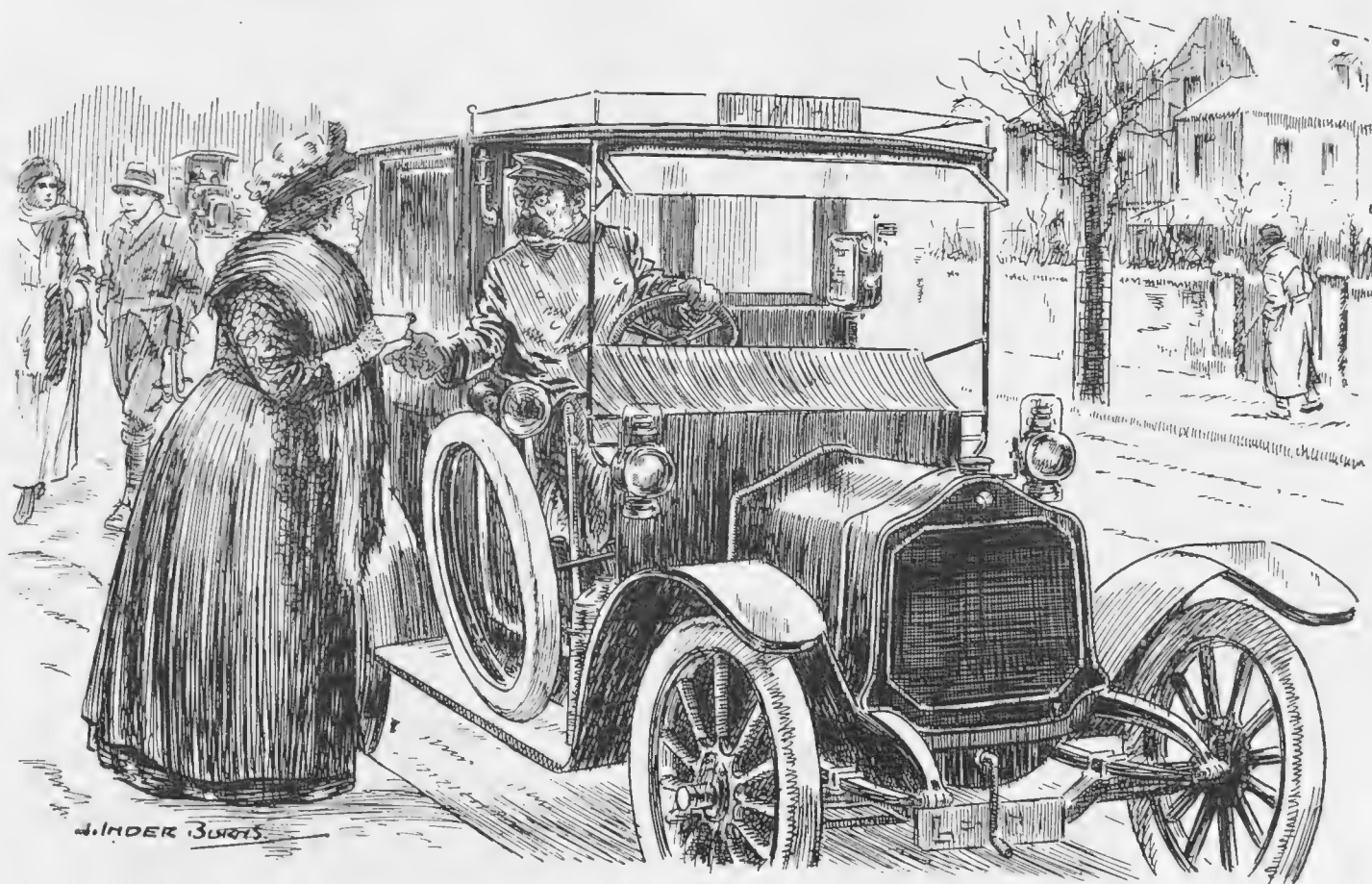
THE GUEST (*starting up*): Good heavens—I've eaten capon à la Régence—a lot of it—and left my digestive tablets at home.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



THE YOUTH (*unwittingly classic*): 'Elen, 'Ector wants yer.

DRAWN BY MAB TREEBY.



THE DEAR OLD SOUL (*after "parting" with the exact fare*): And here's a penny for yourself, for a glass of hot milk.

DRAWN BY J. INDER BURNS.

The old men listened in silence. Then the chief thanked him guardedly, and asked where he would live.

"Here," he answered. "I have seen the White Chief, and he agrees. I will buy food at first; but, afterwards, the people I teach will feed me."

The old men grunted, and looked dubiously at one another. The matter required consideration and much throwing of bones, for, as everyone knows, matters arranged without consultation with the spirits always end in disaster.

The newcomer inquired after old acquaintances, but merely in a perfunctory manner. Filled with a mighty self-sufficiency, he regarded his former companions as mere savages. He, with his clothes and his knowledge, was almost a white man. N'Jova he recognised, but had apparently forgotten his animosity. The women he ignored.

The girl had slipped past him, unregarded, and prepared the evening meal; but as she stirred the bubbling, seething mixture, she was filled with a mad desire to go to him, to see if he had really forgotten, whether there might be extenuating circumstances in his case, as in her own. She looked out, undecided, but he sat by the fire talking, and his eyes never wandered from the circle of men's faces. He was explaining his own cleverness, his superiority to other men; and in his elevation, as in his future, she had no part.

That night N'Jova beat his wife. "M'ducu has come back, and has forgotten you. Now you are mine—indeed," he said.

And she bowed her head in silence.

The next morning, she met M'ducu face to face. He looked at her a moment in perplexed wonder, then greeted her casually as an old acquaintance, whose existence had been forgotten until her presence recalled it. And instinct told her that he was acting no part. He had indeed forgotten, whilst she had suffered, as she thought, for him.

The new teacher showed little inclination to begin work. He chose a site for a hut, and, after much haggling, engaged two men to build it. He himself was above manual labour, he explained. His work was to teach them the foolishness of their ways, to prove how much better was the witchcraft he had learned from the white men.

Meanwhile, the old men were troubled. Many and long were the discussions held whilst the younger people were busy with the harvest. There was a schismatic in their midst, a man who was like one of themselves, yet who scoffed at their knowledge and their charms. And he intended to make others share his views. It was a terrible prospect. If the young men should cease to respect charms, whose property would be safe? The spirits, too, would doubtless avenge themselves on the village for harbouring such a man. The whole affair was perplexing, deplorable; for M'ducu was under the protection of the white men, and could not be removed by violence.

A month passed in uncertainty on the part of the old men; inaction on that of M'ducu. Then, one day, an eagle was seen perched on a dead tree hard by the village. This is an infallible sign that some spirit is uneasy, so the local witch-doctors were called hastily, and, after much throwing of bones, it was discovered that the ghost of a former chief was wandering on the mountain, and could not rest in peace until a black-and-white bull had been sacrificed.

Seated on a great boulder, M'ducu scornfully watched the orgy. He would take no part, he said; he knew better magic than that.

He could see the dying struggles of the sacrificial beast and the smell of blood came faintly to his nostrils. He half-regretted his clothes and his education. He felt the meat would be good; the beer, too, would be refreshing, for the night was hot. To quell the rising temptation, he strolled away; but a sudden burst of drumming drew him back irresistibly. He was ashamed of his weakness, yet he wavered, possessed with a horrible longing to join the yelling troop of dancers, to tear the half-raw flesh with his teeth. But it was impossible. He was of the white man's creed; almost as good as a white man; and yet—the maddening throb of the drums, the rattles and horns, the smell of roasting meat, the weird chant (now a mournful wail, now rising to a yell of triumph), the dusky, sinuous forms gliding in the uncertain firelight, roused the savage's nature, which was ever latent under the veneer of civilisation. He was hesitating, and, a moment later, would have been amongst the drums, when, in one of the songs, he caught the name of his race. Matabele! Yes, he was one of them; and these others were but Mashona dogs. Matabele! With a sudden feeling of disgust, he turned away, and strode down the path towards the pool. A woman was coming towards him, carrying a pot of water for cooking the entrails of the victim. In the clear moonlight, he recognised her,

and stopped. Once more, his true nature asserted itself. Again he seemed to drift back over the space of years; the present was forgotten, and he was in that dead past in which she had seemed the fairest thing on earth, and when all his world lay within that little valley. She saw the old look in his eyes, hesitated a moment, then fled, as another dark form appeared at the bend of the path behind the man.

With an effort, M'ducu pulled himself together. Muttering a curse on his own folly, he passed on to the pool, and sat down beside the water, vainly trying to exorcise the ghosts of the past which seemed to press round him, to fill the air, to insist on his attention.

Suddenly he started as someone touched his arm. The girl stood before him, his assegai and knobkerrie in her hand.

"Go!" she said. "They are mad with beer and dancing, and are going to kill you. N'Jova has told the old men that you are a wizard, that you can break charms without harm coming to you, that you will bring the evil spirits to the village. Here are weapons. Go!"

At the sound of her voice, the past was bridged over, annihilated, and once more they were boy and girl, all in all to each other. His wife, his future, his peril even—everything was forgotten. He took her in his arms.

She struggled to free herself. "You must go," she repeated. "They will kill you."

"And you," he asked, still holding her; "would you have me leave you, now I have found you again?"

"I will go, too," she said. "But we must hasten."

At the thought of danger, he became a man again, but not the man of a few hours previously; now he was a warrior—and a savage. He threw his European garments away, as if he loathed them, and stretched his arms, revelling in the unaccustomed freedom.

The girl looked at him proudly.

"You are a warrior again, my beloved. Let us go."

The sky had clouded over, and the darkness was intense. At first the path was easy, for she knew every stone and turn. But when they left the valley they stumbled along painfully. As they descended the rocky slope of a kopje, he heard a cry, and a rattling of stones. She struggled to her feet, only to fall back with a moan.

"My ankle is broken," she said. "You must leave me."

"Never," he answered. "They would kill you. Now we must live or die together. I will carry you."

He lifted her gently, and she clung to him like a child. At first, it seemed easy, as if he could go on for ever; and he said to himself, no fate could be sweeter. But years of an idle life had sapped his strength. He was constantly forced to stop and rest. Again and again, she begged him to leave her, to escape whilst there was yet time.

Dawn found them at the foot of a giant kopje. He laid her down tenderly beside a small stream, and leaned wearily on his assegai. Suddenly, he looked up, and saw his pursuers. At the same moment they perceived him and raised the war-cry of their tribe. In an instant his weariness was gone; he was once more a warrior and the son of a chief. They were Mashona and he was a Matabele, a Zulu, with all the Zulu's contempt for the inferior race. He had lived his life amongst Mashona; but he would die a Matabele. They were dogs, and he was a lion.

The girl looked at him in pitiful admiration, then, with a sob—

"Kill me now," she said.

"I cannot," he answered brokenly.

But she insisted. Anything would be sweet at his hands, even death; but if they took her alive—and she shuddered.

Then she bent her head to the blow of the knobkerrie.

As the warm life-blood spurted over him, his enemies rushed up. He saw them through a haze of red, which seemed to grow ever denser, until the other figures disappeared, and, in a mist of blood, he could see but N'Jova. The war-cry of his nation rang loud above the yell of the Mashona, and, for a moment, the latter paused, terrified at that dreaded slogan . . . they closed in . . . He was dimly conscious of wounds given and received, of his blood flowing, of a smarting pain . . . The haze grew redder and thicker; but the figure of N'Jova was always clear . . . At last, it seemed near him. He saw the face grow sick with fear, as it read death in his eyes; then, as it turned to flee, the heavy Zulu assegai went home. The shaft broke in his hand. With a last shout of triumph and defiance, a shout which echoed and re-echoed up the valley, sending even the rock-rabbits scurrying to their holes, he flung the stick in the face of the nearest man, then fell dead across the body of the girl.

As the sun appeared above the line of kopjes, the first vulture swooped down. The hyenas found but bones.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

BACK TO THE HOME OF GOLF: LAST LINGERING LOOKS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Bonny Brae Burn. It seemed to be time that I was moving body and thoughts back again to the home of the game, from which I had been absent for many weeks while I had been studying the conditions and circumstances in which it is played in a



MAKER OF A NEW RECORD AT THE HALLAMSHIRE CLUB, SHEFFIELD: JAMES FERGUSON.

Ferguson did a 68 the other day—against bogey 79. His card was 534443354; 444343434.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

country in which, I verily believe, there will be more golfers than in any other in the near future. So that there may be no doubt about it, I propose to make the passage, as it were, in this article. The last three courses that I visited in America were of a complexion widely different from each other. First, I had a most delightful day, and likewise evening, at the Brae Burn Country Club, which is some way outside Boston, and one of the finest specimens of the country club that I discovered during the whole of those long wanderings in the new golfing world, with a course adequately to match it. I went along there with my old friend, Mr. John G. Anderson, who has had his pop at our championships and those of France on various occasions (and has some French trophies in his wigwam at West Newton as the result); and we twain and Messrs. Ayer, Travilli, and Wilkie made up one of the happiest golfing parties I have ever belonged to, and certainly, coupled with that at Glen View, the happiest I had in America. At Brae Burn they have a most beautiful course, with some of the best turf I struck in the States; and they are at present engaged in the work of improvement and in constructing some new holes which will have the effect of making the round as good as any in the country. A new short hole that they are making, played from a tee on high ground to a pretty and severely bunkered green below, will become one of the best remembered short holes in America. This was the course on which Harry Vardon sustained his only defeat during his tour there some years ago. The social side of things at Brae Burn is most splendidly done, and no British golfer who ever gets along Boston way should miss the opportunity of a day at this place if he can fish successfully for an introduction. During dinner we talked about presidents, captains, and all that kind of thing, and it seemed curious that in the U.S. they do not have captains at all. There is scarcely a club in the country where such an office is established; but I showed these gentlemen of Brae Burn that there was much good in it, and that it would suit their situation admirably. I believe they will try it before long.

Garden City. When this happy day was ended I slept in Boston, and the next night took myself off with my clubs to Albany, at which place there is no golf, so far as I could discover, but

which has, nevertheless, some distinction, for it is the capital of New York State, and possesses very fine buildings. Next, clubs and I went aboard the Hudson River day line boat and sailed up along to New York, and then, after a decent interval for rest and recuperation, moved off to the celebrated Garden City Club, one of the very foremost of the Eastern group, and that which has the honour of having produced Mr. Walter Travis, who went from there to win our Amateur Championship at Sandwich in 1904. It is still his favourite golfing ground, and an excellent one it is, thoroughly and scientifically bunkered, and with considerable variety of hole, despite its general flatness, and really some of the very best of all the excellent putting-greens that I saw in America. For these at the present time, Williams, an old Mid-Surrey assistant greenkeeper, is responsible, and some splendid work he is doing in the improvement of the old ones and the making of new ones. Already he has a reputation for his skill that extends far towards the Western states. On the whole, I thought Garden City capital, and learned with interest that it was a strong and likely candidate for next year's championship.

The National Links. After that I went to the National Golf Links right out at the far end of Long Island, and nearly a three-hours journey from New York. This was the last golfing trip that I made out there, and it was, or should have been, the most interesting, since this is one of the most talked-of courses in the world, having cost £40,000, and having been constructed according to a scheme which had as its chief object the imitation of some of the best

holes in the world. It is quite a different course from anything else in America, but the scheme for imitation has failed, and I did not think that in general quality the course was anything like as good as it is imagined to be. It is certainly difficult enough—too difficult, but this does not mean excellence. However, the club and course have already got a considerable status, and the enterprise of the promoters is admirable and deserving of the best reward. The course will improve. After that my clubs were finally put into their bag, and some days later I took them down to the Cunard landing-stage and came along with them across the Atlantic, where we have just arrived, and have had but one game, considering after it that British golf in October is the finest thing in the world. But, for all that, the stay-at-home Englishman has no proper idea of the excellent quality of the American courses and, above all, of their putting-greens, which generally are better than ours; and he does not realise what a really great golfing country America is becoming.

HENRY LEACH.



MAKER OF A NEW RECORD AT CHISLEHURST: MRS. LIONEL JACKSON.

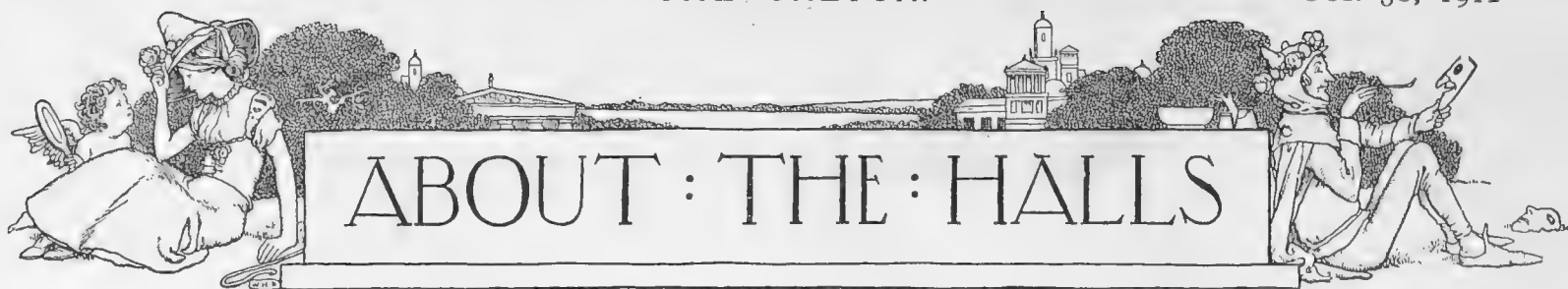
Mrs. Lionel Jackson, lady golf-champion of Kent, won the prize for players with 10 handicap and under at the autumn meeting of the Chislehurst Ladies' Club the other day, with a net score of 71. This was a record for ladies playing on the course.

Photograph by Topical.



OPPONENTS IN THE GOLD MEDAL COMPETITION AT MUIRFIELD: MR. BALFOUR AND CAPTAIN C. K. HUTCHISON.

Mr. Balfour's niece, who is seen in the photograph, acted as his marker. Captain Hutchison won the medal.—[Photograph by Ian Smith.]



THUMBS DOWN FOR THE VANQUISHED GLADIATOR; THE HARDOUEN GRIP; AND RHYTHMIC CARICATURE.

Two Palaces and One Palladium.

Sweet are the uses of Variety. There appears to be nothing to which it will not turn its hand, but so far as my experience goes, the classics have hitherto been free from its attentions. A visit to the Chelsea Palace, however, suggested to me that we are going to alter all that and draw upon ancient history for modern turns. Immediately following an act in which the indiscriminate smashing of china plates made its old and ever-irresistible appeal and reaped its unfailing harvest of laughter, came "The Combat," by Bernard Hamilton. Here we find an ancient Roman fisherman spearing fish with his long trident. With an insistence which is perhaps advisable, considering the audience's unfamiliarity with the subject, he explains all about the ways of the arena to his daughter and tells her how he himself, when hard up, has gone in for the fighting business, and with considerable success, too. He goes off, and during his temporary absence enters Harpax the gladiator, who makes love to the girl in a particularly forcible manner. Her cries bring back the old fisherman, and after mutual recriminations, the two men settle down to their deadly work—Harpax the gladiator with his sword and shield, and Caius Servilius the retiarius with his trident and fishing-net, with the result that the latter has his man at his mercy and slays him on the lady turning her thumbs down. It is all very correct and interesting, and, coming after the plate-smashing turn, affords a very complete contrast. No pains have been spared, and it is very well done. The scenery is by Joseph Harker, and the music is by Christopher Wilson; the costumes are archæologically accurate in every particular; and the scantiness of the combatants' attire distinctly makes for realism. The one thing lacking is bloodthirstiness on the part of the fighters. When this desirable element is added we shall probably find twentieth-century audiences taking a keen interest in the derring-do of ancient Rome.

Murder Most Foul.

Of the thirst for blood there is no stint at the Palladium, where is to be seen "the eminent Dutch actor," Louis Bouwmeester, in "the great European success," "The Grip," which is with complete justice described as "an intensely dramatic thrill in one scene." In this we find an octogenarian speechless and unable to move, but exceedingly observant of all that goes on around him. He is in a position to know that his youthful daughter-in-law is not so true to her middle-aged husband as she should be, but he is unable to do more than mumble inarticulately. Beneath the house are vast wine-cellars, deep down and approached by rickety stairs, which in the course of the sketch give way, making death certain for anyone

descending them. Warned of this, the wife allows her husband to go down to his doom, a catastrophe which the old father is powerless to prevent. But retribution awaits the heartless wife. The octogenarian, who has been a terrible fellow in his time, is roused to sudden action by the crime. He pulls himself together, rises from his chair, and, seizing her in the famous "Hardouen Grip," throttles her then and there. This little Guignol play is extremely well acted, and the audience is gripped as firmly as is the erring wife. Mr. Louis Bouwmeester proves himself a really fine actor. Beyond the utterance of weird noises, he has not a word to say, but not for a moment does he allow the audience to lose its interest in him. He writhes in his chair in a state of impotent fury, and when at last the situation becomes altogether too much for him, and he makes his supreme effort, he rises to great heights of sensationalism. As he has nothing to say, one cannot judge whether he possesses any knowledge of English, but rumour has it that with very little encouragement he is prepared to play Hamlet. If rumour is correct, it is to be hoped that the requisite amount of encouragement will be forthcoming, for he certainly is endowed with powers of acting of no mean order. He is closely followed by George Robey!



PLAYING MRS. HUGH VOYSEY IN "THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE," AT THE KINGSWAY; MISS GRACE LANE.

Miss Grace Lane's performance is excellent, and is meeting with much approval.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

Fun and Fantasy. The conscientious frequenter of the music-halls is always ready and glad to welcome something which is quite original and quite unlike the turns to which he is accustomed, and a lady named Mika Mikun provides such a turn at the Palace. She describes herself as a "rhythmic caricaturist," and fully justifies the title. Provided

with large sheets of thin paper, she illustrates with bold, even fearless, drawing the music with which she is accompanied; what time she does something in the nature of a dance. As she draws, every stroke of her crayon follows and punctuates the notes that are being played.

At an arpeggio she depicts a furbelow, and a staccato produces from her pencil an eye, a mouth, or a button; while a minuet is being played she will draw two fantastic figures dancing it, and the next moment she is portraying the "can-can" to the life. A Pole herself, and a sculptress of considerable attainments, she is adapting



A SKIT ON THE CAVE OF THE CALF; THE METROPOLITAN CABARET SCENE IN "KILL THAT FLY," AT THE NEW ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

herself to English interests, and her caricatures of the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Winston Churchill are delightful. Mika Mikun possesses an extraordinary swiftness and certainty of line, and never does she fail in obtaining the effect she aims at. Her portrayal of the "German invasion" is not only a miracle of speed and dexterity, but it is caricature of a very high class, and it is but rarely that a music-hall audience is vouchsafed the sight of such an entertainment as this medley of melody, mirth, and mimicry.—ROVER.

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BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Aristocracy Abdicates.

It was a beautiful daughter of Columbia, I believe, who first invented that scathing phrase, "the ducal bargain-counter," yet it only expresses, with emphasis, the changed attitude of the modern mind—in all countries except Austria—towards the aristocracy. For not only do we have furious attacks on our upper class by one of the first personages in the land, but we see members of exalted families writing books to prove that the nobility is on the downward path in prestige and power. Many people, indeed, are almost apologetic when they refer to folks above them in station, so terribly are we afraid, in these democratic days, of appearing a Simple Snob. "I don't know any duchesses," declared a witty woman the other day in a London drawing-room, "only Susan —" — naming a popular and democratic wearer of the strawberry-leaves. This aristocratic *dégringolade* has been going on ever since the impoverishment of the class by Sir William Vernon Harcourt's Death Duties, for even in the highest circles money is synonymous with power. The memoirs of a hundred years ago show us that even advanced Whigs never questioned (indeed, they insisted on) their right to govern the rest of the inhabitants of these islands. The middle class then was scanty and uninfluential, so that England was divided into the ruling classes, agricultural labourers and the population of the big towns, who were always alluded to as "the Mob." Nowadays, it is the despised mob who call the tune, and the Whigs and Tories who have to dance to it, whether they like that form of relaxation or no. Yet still we contrive to produce, among precisely this aristocracy, the finest young men in Europe and the healthiest, best-bred girls, so that it will be deliberately throwing away their birthright if these young scions of the British aristocracy do not contrive, in some fashion, to lead in this country.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt.

There are too many ready-made peers about nowadays for the class to impose on their so-called inferiors in the way they used to do in the last century. We are abysses apart from the snobbishness of the people in Thackeray's novels, who trembled when a landau and pair stopped before their door, and who underwent untold mortification if they were caught, by some fine lady, drinking tea out of their second-best cups and saucers. The man in the train, when his old friend Brown is raised to the House of Lords, is perhaps pleased or amused, but he cannot be expected to regard the new peer with quite the respect he might bestow on a Howard, a Percy, or a Talbot. It is, in reality, the hundred earls—many famous in English history—who stand behind the owner of these ancient titles and appeal to our imagination; whereas Brown we know to be merely a pushing fellow with a talent for pulling wires. Neither do the ladies of the new aristocracy—though often strenuous and well meaning—manage to wear their tiaras in quite the same easy manner as the marchionesses and duchesses of the old peerage.

How to Go to Museums.

Every now and again we Londoners take up the museum habit—generally when some foreign friend arrives in our midst; and then we realise what treasures exist within a shilling cab fare, but which we too seldom see. Some superior people make a point of visiting a public museum or picture-gallery once a week. A little while ago, the National Gallery had an extraordinary vogue, and bebies of exquisite ladies with note-books were to be seen, of a morning, being convoyed round the rooms by some young man with a turn for Art. There is no doubt that the habit is a good one, but it is also true that it can be abused. Mr. E. V. Lucas has declared that "the mistake people make in going to museums is to try to see

too much, as if they were going to die to-night." The only agreeable way of doing it is to stroll into one chosen room, look at the exhibits leisurely and thoroughly, and then to take your departure—even though a hundred siren voices call you back. The gaping citizen who inspects an entire museum or picture-gallery between two and five, accompanied by his wife and a bevy of bored, chattering children, never realises the joy of the short visit to one of our national treasure-stores. He sets out to see everything, and ends by seeing nothing, or, at any rate, by remembering nothing. For a museum is such a bewildering medley of periods, peoples, and styles, that it is in the highest degree fatiguing to bring any intelligent observation to bear on all that you see in those vistas of glass cases. The glass case, too, is forbidding, monotonous, and remote, and I wish some more genial and intimate system could be invented of exhibiting our national possessions, even if we had to double the number of custodians. Everybody knows how much more appealing a priceless vase, carving, or curio is in a private house than in the most beautifully arranged museum. It is as if, on a shelf or a table, where we can handle them, these exquisite objects seem to us mysteriously alive; whereas, in



DÉJEUNER DIVINITIES: SOME LUNCHEON-PARTY GOWNS.

On the left is a prune-coloured charmeuse dress with a white-lace collar and jabot, the bodice slightly full and held in at the waist with a folded belt. The black-satin hat is turned up all round with velvet, and has a bunch of black plumes in front. The centre figure wears a gown made of grey-satin broché and grey charmeuse; the fichu has a frill of lace as an edging, and there are long frills of the same lace falling from the elbow. On the right is a gown of cachemire-de-soie in a shade of almond green; the skirt has a swathed drapery holding it in round the feet; the bodice is made with two soft revers over a lace blouse. The large black-velvet hat has a white aigrette.

those endless rows of glass cases, all alike, they seem not only dead, but enshrined in glass monuments.

Two-and-Elevenpence-Three-Farthings.

I am glad to see that some of the London shops are relieving us of the tyranny of the farthing, and are marking their things in round sums. For this infinitesimal and foolish coin fulfils no useful purpose; two-and-elevenpence-three-farthings representing, to all but the lowest intelligences, precisely three shillings and a paper of inferior pins. Then, what became of the farthing, even if it was handed to you? No one knows. The assiduous shopper must receive at least two a day, which represents some hundreds of these silly little coins in the course of the year. No one gives a farthing away, and nothing—so far as I know—is priced at that modest sum; so why continue to use it when the system entails delay and bother, together with prolonged calculations?

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 13.

ANOTHER UNDERGROUND FUSION.

THE announcement that the Metropolitan Railway Company is to take over the Great Northern and City Railway caused a good deal of surprise in the Market, although it had little effect on prices. It was generally thought that the latter Company was too closely connected with the Great Northern Company for any third party to acquire a predominant interest, altogether apart from any question of absorption.

The object of the scheme from the point of view of the Metropolitan is not quite clear, and the official explanation can hardly be accepted as the only reason for this step. A glance at the map is sufficient to show that the competition between the two cannot be very serious, and the economies of working the combined systems seem very insufficient. The recent buying of Metropolitan stock, as well as the rumours which are current, make it pretty clear that the present amalgamation is only part of a far more comprehensive scheme. Presumably, it is intended to effect an actual junction of the lines at Moorgate Street, and it is worth noting that the Metropolitan trains would be able to run through without any extensive alteration of the Great Northern and City's line.

ARGENTINE RAILS.

All the railways operating in the Argentine had a lot of difficulties to contend with during the year ending July last. The storms which occurred just when the wheat was in its most vulnerable condition seriously reduced the quantity, and the strike which took place in January and February naturally affected the earnings of all the lines. During the early summer, however, things mended, and it is thanks to results achieved after April that the Companies are able to make as good a showing as they do.

In the case of the Central Argentine Company, the decline in gross earnings was £196,600, and in net revenue, £117,500. In 1910-11 an additional contribution of £112,000 was made to the renewals fund; this the directors have not repeated, and they are by this means enabled to make the same distribution as a year ago, and slightly to increase the carry-forward. Under the circumstances the Report must be considered satisfactory, and the outlook is distinctly promising; net receipts since July 1 are £430,000 higher, chiefly owing to the large maize crop, which is now being handled, while the prospects for the wheat crop are all that can be desired.

It is rather late to comment on the Reports of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern and Buenos Ayres Western. In the case of the former, receipts were up £93,000, and those of the latter show a decrease of £155,700. Current receipts are in each good, and we think the coming amalgamation will benefit both Companies.

HOLBROOKS, LTD.

We are often asked to recommend Industrial investments giving a high rate of interest with a minimum of risk, and some particulars, therefore, of this Company may be of interest, as we consider it quite an attractive purchase of its class.

The Company was formed in 1897, and has carried on its business in vinegar, sauce, pickles, etc., with increasingly successful results ever since, the dividend having been gradually increased from 15 per cent. to 25 per cent. for the year ending March 31 last. An interim dividend of 8 per cent. has just been declared for the current period against 7 per cent. at this time last year.

The capital is £150,000, comprising £70,000 5 per cent. Preference and £80,000 Ordinary shares, and there are just under £100,000 4½ per cent. Mortgage Debentures outstanding. Profits last year amounted to £29,500, and the financial position is satisfactory. Goodwill, trade-marks, etc., stand at only £35,000 in the balance-sheet, while reserves total £40,000.

As the interim dividend has been increased, it seems reasonable to presume that the final distribution will be, at any rate, equal to that of last year—namely, 25 per cent., and the yield, therefore, at 4 3-8, which is the top quotation in the official list, works out at £5 14s. per cent. free of income tax, which is equivalent to over 6 per cent., when the dividend is paid less tax.

THE TALTAL RAILWAY.

As was to be expected, the excellent condition of the Nitrate industry is reflected in the results of this Company, which carries a large part of Chili's exports of this mineral.

The gross receipts showed an increase of £40,700, and the net revenue was £28,400 higher at £144,900—a highly satisfactory showing. The total distribution for the year is again 9 per cent., and £50,000 is placed to general reserves account, which now amounts to £150,000. The directors propose to capitalise this sum, and to distribute it amongst the shareholders as a special bonus; and to enable this to be done, it is proposed to increase the capital by the creation of 40,000 shares of £5 each. These are to be distributed in the proportion of one new share for every five shares held, which, at the current quotation of 8½, represents a substantial bonus.

With regard to the future, there appears to be very little doubt that the results for the current year will be fully up to those just published; traffics since July 1 show an increase of £7200, and, apart from the outlook for nitrate, which continues excellent, there still remains a good deal of constructional material to be carried for the longitudinal railway.

It seems a pity, however, that a little more enterprise is not shown in extending the scope of their operations. The southern districts of Chili, through which the Taltal line runs, are rich in various kinds of minerals, and it seems probable that extensions in several directions would eventually prove highly remunerative.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Rumour has again been busy over National Telephone Deferred, and recent buying has been of an influential character. It looks as though someone had got a fair idea of what they are going to get, and optimists talk of £180 in cash, with another £10 or £20 in Exchange bonds. We give these figures for what they may be worth, as we can neither confirm nor refute them.

Although market conditions have prevented an advance in Egyptian securities, the improving outlook in that quarter should not be overlooked. The weather is exceptionally good, and estimates of the new cotton crop are as high as 8,000,000 cantars. All companies operating out there will benefit from the increased prosperity, and among the best is Egyptian Salt and Soda. The capital is £485,347, and there are £82,300 5 per cent. Debentures. The balance-sheet shows the financial position to be strong, and proper attention has been paid to depreciation. The dividend for the year ending August 1911 was 6 per cent., and a similar distribution is assured for 1912. We can recommend a purchase at the current price of 16s. with considerable confidence.

A fortnight ago we quoted some figures from a stockbroker's circular, showing the very large extent of Canada's borrowing, and pointing out that the economical position is not satisfactory. This circular has not pleased the Montreal Press, and in one case it is described as "containing ungrounded accusations supported by a meretricious display of figures," but the accuracy of the figures is not disputed. We willingly admit that a large expenditure on transport and public works is necessary in a young country, and cannot be expected to become fully remunerative at once; and this, as far as we can make out, is the chief argument of our contemporary. On the other hand, as we stated a fortnight ago, we do think a little more caution in many directions would be advisable. With nations, as with individuals, overmuch credit encourages recklessness.

It is decidedly satisfactory to see an improvement in the Aerated Bread Company's dividend, which had been steadily diminishing since 1907. The changes in the management, which created a good deal of comment a little while back, seem to have been successful, as the improvement of £10,000 in net profits can hardly be explained in any other way. The price of commodities has been high, the recent legislation has increased working expenses, and competition has certainly not been less keen. If this improvement continues, perhaps the directors will see their way to increase the amount allowed for depreciation, and generally to strengthen the balance-sheet.

Holders of shares in any of the London Electric Lighting Companies should not be in a hurry to dispose of their holdings, even if there should be an advance in quotations during the next few months. There have been rumours for some time past of an amalgamation scheme, and if, as seems probable, this should materialise, the value of the shares would be considerably enhanced.

AUTOLYCUS IN THE CITY.

THE GOLDFIELDS DIVIDEND.

"They will tell you two-and-six to three-and-six in there."

He nodded to the knot of dealers gathered in the Chartered Market. Once, that was the Market of the House; to-day, the Consol Market itself is no quieter.

"But you think—?"

"I think that if you back anything higher than half-a-crown, plus a rather disappointing Report, you'll lose your money."

"Then what—?"

"Rand Mines, if you really must. Of course, we are all bears in here."

"I suppose you are—" thoughtfully.

They both shrugged their shoulders, but neither man smiled.

CURRENT GOSSIP.

The warehouse was stacked with bags of this, boxes of that, tins of the other. The conglomeration of lavish and disorderly profusion would have vexed the eye while it joyed the soul of any housewife. A man entered.

"Awful mixture of smells," he sniffed. "Got any sultanas?"

"Plenty."

[Continued on page 128.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Trains or Tails.

The newest evening gowns have long, slender trains caught in under a big bow or rosette at the end. They are very tail-like, and swish about with the wearer's movements like the appendage on a cat. The fish-tail train we had, of course, rather a lengthy acquaintance with. Although it was narrow, it was free and unconfined at the hem, and had a lazy, lizard, or mermaid-like movement. It could not make much claim on the grounds of grace or beauty, but at least its expression was not directly feline. Miss Marie Tempest, in "Art and Opportunity," is, indeed, a purring pussy playing with several men-mice; therefore, the expression of her long velvet dinner-gown is quite correctly cat-like. Miss Tempest possesses qualifications for wearing lovely gowns well—possessed by only the favoured few of our sex. I shudder to think what angry mousers may be expressed by these trains worn by women who stride, or whose movements are void of the grace and dignity of those of cats. I had an argument with a friend as to whether Miss Tempest's velvet gown was rose or flame-colour. The electric light makes its colour difficult to distinguish. Whatever it was, it was charming as she wore it.



TO MAKE HER LONDON DÉBUT AT QUEEN'S HALL ON TUESDAY, NOV. 5: MISS ANNIE GODFREY.

Miss Godfrey has studied the violin at St. Petersburg, under Professor Leopold Auer, who considers her one of his most brilliant pupils. She is of Polish parentage, though born in London, and was for some time a pupil of Mr. Kalman Ronay. At her concert she will be assisted by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Landon Ronald.

Photograph by Wood.

this office with talent. It is called the Teaetta, and it whistles directly the water boils; by pressing a button the tea-container is lowered into the boiling water; when sufficient time for infusion has been allowed, again turning the button raises the tea out of the water; then turning the tap secures the flow of perfect tea. It has its own spirit-lamp. In well-plated metal or copper it costs 22s. 6d. for one pint, and in best silverplate, 68s. for two pints. This, with Christmas within hail, is worth making a note of.

Women and Muffs.

The muffs of this winter are immense. They look like Freemasons' aprons, and they are not only ornamental, but useful as a protection of that portion of our persons which a popular song said was wrapped up in flannel when we go across the Channel! There is little or no padding in the smart muff. It is luxuriously lined, and of the softest fur—that is, when it is at its best; we cannot all spend from £30 to £300 on a muff; with a cape-like stole it makes an efficient protection against cold. This winter fashion decrees flower-sprays in all daring combinations of colour, to be fastened on muffs. These are made of satin and silk ribbon, as a rule. A similar flower-spray should fasten the stole. Often handsome motifs of embroidery and jewelled ornaments are used instead. As all the fur coats are wrapped over and draped, similar

methods of fastening them are adopted. These are some of the details which hall-mark current modes.

The Georgian House.

I have seen it stated that Mr. Lloyd George has become a landed proprietor in the neighbourhood of Walton Heath. This is not so; he has taken Margery Hall, near that well-known golf course, for a short time. There are about fifty acres round the place. It is, however, serving as a rural residence for the Chancellor only until his house at Walton-on-the-Hill, near the golf club, is ready for him. At present it is in process of building. Although it looks a respectable-sized pile, I hear there are only five bedrooms. Doubtless he desires, since the insurance tax is law, to inculcate an example of small domestic staffs. Unemployment among servants is another matter. There is only a very moderate amount of ground round the house. Someone suggested buying the plot opposite, running up a blank wall, and inscribing upon it in big letters: "Nine-pence for Fourpence." With land at its present price at Walton Heath, and labour and materials expensive, I am afraid there is no one who loves even Mr. Lloyd George enough to go to such a price merely to afford him so pleasant a view from his windows. What could be a more charming prospect than a constant contemplation of his own good work?

The Fireplace Pretty.

This is what everyone likes. The careful housewife also likes gas-fires, which mean economy in her staff and in her cleaners' bill. Time was when she had to sacrifice her taste to love of cleanliness and economy, for gas fireplaces were more practical than pretty. Such is, happily, not now the case. Every comprehensive gas show-room throughout the country proves this by the variety, beauty, and symmetry of the gas-fires which are exhibited. These can easily be fitted to existing coal-grates without disturbing permanent fixtures. Small wonder, therefore, that gas-fires are being more and more used every year. They can be made suitable for any drawing-room, library, boudoir, dining-room, billiard-room or den, adding to the fine appearance of the room.



AS CHEERFUL AS THE OLD-FASHIONED COAL FIRE, AND CONSIDERABLY CLEANER: AN ARTISTIC GAS FIREPLACE OF THE MODERN TYPE.

In our issue of Aug. 21 last we published a photograph of some of a yacht's crew of negroes dressed as bluejackets walking about the streets of Cowes. We described them, in accordance with information supplied with the photograph, as being the crew of an American steam-yacht, mentioning also that the whole crew were negroes dressed as British sailors, even the artificers and the cook's boy wearing the regulation naval uniform. We have only just heard that the yacht in question, the *Ivy*, is not an American yacht, but belongs to the Governor of Lagos, Southern Nigeria, which is, of course, British, and is manned by his Nigerian crew. Its presence at Cowes was due to the fact that it had been sent home to Messrs. Harland and Wolff's Southampton yard for the purpose of undergoing repairs.



AN AUTHORITY ON AUSTRALIAN SPORT: MR. GORDON INGLIS.

Mr. Inglis' book, "Sport and Pastime in Australia," with a Preface by Sir George Reid, has been published by Messrs. Methuen.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MARRIED ON THE 24TH: LADY HANSON (FORMERLY MISS DOROTHY PEEL), AND SIR GERALD HANSON, Bt.

The wedding of Sir Gerald Hanson and Miss Dorothy Peel took place at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. Sir Gerald, who is the second Baronet of a creation dating from 1887, is the son of the late Sir Reginald Hanson, Lord Mayor of London in 1886-7. His first wife died three years ago. The new Lady Hanson is a daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Peel and Mrs. Peel, of Lincoln.—(Photographs by Lomnitz.)



Continued from page 126.]

His informant sat on a high stool in front of a small desk.

"Thought there weren't any sultanas, or currants either, in London just now?"

"You've been reading the——"

"Wrong. I take the *Morning Post*."

"Then your wife's been—aha! I thought so. Go home and tell her that there is enough store of currants and sultanas now in London to last six months."

"But she says the prices——"

"If you saw your way to getting a little bit more than usual for your goods, don't you think you'd take it?"

"A man," returned the other, who was a lawyer, "a man sees dishonesty in every profession except his own."

AND IN OXFORD STREET.

"Speaking selfishly," and the white-haired salesman stroked a delicate Persian rug as though he loved it, "our sympathies are with the Turks."

The customer lifted politely surprised eyebrows.

"We do a lot with Turkey," the other explained. "We buy from the Turks; we sell to them; they are good customers, both ways."

"The war has checked trade?"

"Brought it well-nigh to a stop. The West End feels it, too, through the rise in the Bank Rate, the general disinclination to launch out so much as usual, the losses and uncertainty in the Stock Exchange."

The customer nodded a complete comprehension. He ran one of the newest types of bucket-shop.

UNHAPPY, BUT TRUE.

"I don't appear to have the pleasure of knowing you."

"But my paper——"

"Oh, yes. I know that, of course. Everyone does. What can I do for you?"

"If you will permit me, I will close the door. That's it. Now, in this bag of mine I have a typewritten article—— What are you ringing the bell for?"

"If I hadn't broken my horsewhip over the back of one of you swine yesterday, I—— Another of them, James. Kick him out, please. Yes, through the clerks' office."

AT THE BOX OFFICE.

"Stalls? No! Don't be an ass. These are no times for stalls."

"Proper place for a donkey, surely!"

"Wait till markets are better. Get front row upper circle."

"I like your gaudy extravagance. Why front row?"

"We will have stalls when the Tin Market's better."

"Don't talk about it. Aren't we going to see Gaby just to forget it?"

"No, Sah. We go, Sah, just in the interests of fine art, Sah."

"Don't believe there's any tin at all in Nigeria."

"Hope there isn't. If there were, I should feel hopeless about all my Tin shares. But with this delightful uncertainty surrounding—— Yes, five. Near the middle? Good. This gentleman's in the chair!"

OVER THE 'PHONE.

"Markets tender to dull. Nothing much doing. No; no failures yet, but we are not out of the wood."

"Yes, rather. Lots of things are."

"Well, I think Mexican Rails are very cheap. May not rise to-morrow, of course, but to take up, they are very tempting."

"Bought a man Brazil Rails yesterday. He told me they'd go up to 120. And I always believed in Brazil Rails myself."

"Gracious, no! Sell Peru Pref.? Might get it back a little lower, of course, but for a sound speculative investment, it's as good as Mexican Rails; possibly better."

"Awfully difficult to say. Yes, I know you did, old man. Why not have another hundred Chartered to average?"

"Commission? Kills the business, doesn't it? We hope the Committee will alter it soon."

"Two hundred Chartered? I'll go and have a look at the Market. *Au revoir*."

Saturday, Oct. 26, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

W. M. (Southampton).—The capitalisation seem reasonable, and the people are sound, but tapping will not commence until 1914, so the shares can only be considered speculative.

JUST.—Leave the shares alone, as the promoters were a doubtful group.

CEEPEE.—We can obtain no confirmation of the rumours to which you refer, although we have made full inquiries. We see no reason to change our opinion of the shares.

L. K. T. (Donegal).—Congo Premium Bonds are quoted about 3 3-8.

HASTY.—Crown Mines should be held—the financial position is now improved, as are also the earnings.

X. Y. Z. (Torquay).—See Note this week.

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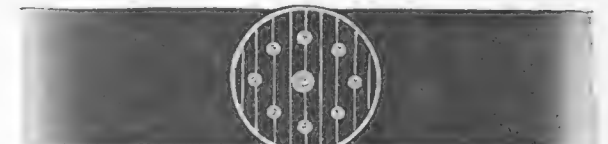
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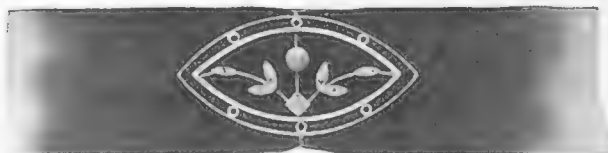
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The Art of Defeating Time.

A POET once said that nothing is so difficult to destroy as feminine beauty.

Perhaps, did we all live under the conditions primarily intended by Nature, the skin and complexion might be left to take care of themselves. Did woman live always in the sunlight of forest or meadow, sleeping under the trees, breathing pure air, eating the simple foods of Nature, and wearing the costume of Diana, her beauty would, perhaps, be more radiant and more enduring than it is to-day. Very much p-e-r-h-a-p-s. The return to the simple life advocated during the last few years may be a step in the right direction, but however that may be, the fact must be faced that centuries of luxury and artificiality in dress, living, and habit generally have left their mark upon the race—a mark not easily obliterated except at the hands of one who has made the work a life study. If, then, by some influence or other, woman's natural beauty becomes endangered; if her complexion loses its radiance; her skin grows sallow, faded, and withered; the cheeks hollow; the brightness of the eye and freshness of lip depart, and the handwriting of Time becomes inscribed in wrinkles or furrows—what steps shall be taken to stay his hand, to win back charms impaired or regarded as lost?

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THE LIPS AND MOUTH.

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THE CHEEKS.

When they appear emaciated or sunken, they can be raised to normal level and made round. When they sag and hang loosely, they can be lifted, and the aged, pendulous aspect corrected.

WRINKLES.

The frowning furrows between the eyebrows, the lines from nose to mouth, all these and other lines in the face can be obliterated by several methods.

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The irregularity of the nose, whether it takes an exaggerated aquiline turn, or whether it is too pointed or flat or too much retroussé—only two or three sittings are required to permanently and painlessly change it, to give it more pleasing lines. Also the redness of the nose and of the cheeks is overcome, to the complete satisfaction of the sufferer.

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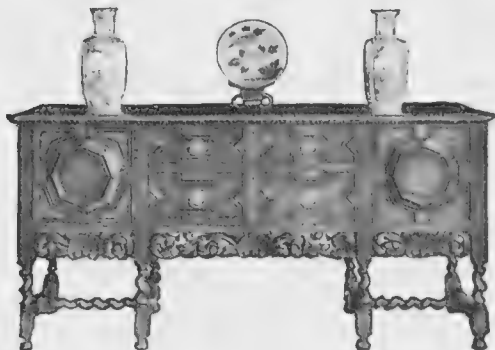
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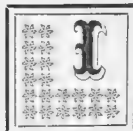


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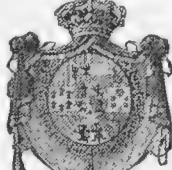
Business hours: Open every day, including Thursdays, 9 till 9, excepting Saturdays, when we close at 1.

The whole of these goods are now on view, and any item can be seen and selected daily till sold.

Grand Prix,
Diploma of Honour and

By Royal Appointment

Grand Prix
and Gold Medals,



Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.

to H.M. the King of Spain.

International Exhibition, Rome, 1912

IMPORTANT NOTICE—Special attention is drawn to the fact that we have NO BRANCH DEPOSITORIES WHATEVER, neither is anyone entitled to represent themselves as being connected with us in any way.

The inevitable result of specialization.

STRAKER-SQUIRE

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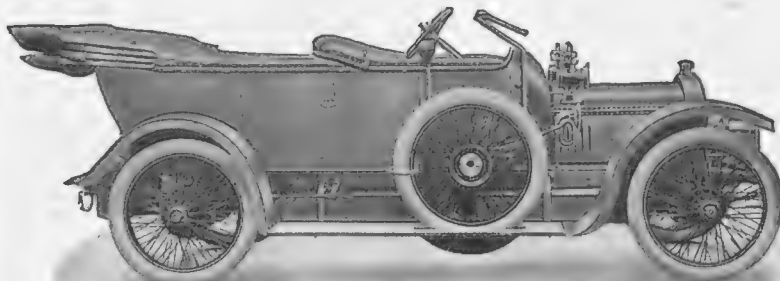
THE WORLD'S BEST FIFTEEN H.P. CAR.

Daily Graphic, 14/10/12.

We have now concentrated our entire energies for the past 6 years on the construction of the ONE MODEL only, therefore we can now justly claim to have a medium powered car which is

SECOND TO NONE ON THE WORLD'S MARKET

15-H.P. ONE MODEL CHASSIS ONLY, SUITABLE FOR ALL TYPES OF BODIES



Don't miss the 1913 Model STRAKER-SQUIRE

AT OLYMPIA,
Stand 89

Also at . . .

S. STRAKER & SQUIRE, Ltd., 75-77, Shaftesbury Av., London, W.

Telephone: 636 Gerrard (2 lines).

Telegrams: "STRAQUIRE, LONDON."

"FIREWOOD,
 DRY AND GOOD."
 —Old London Cry.



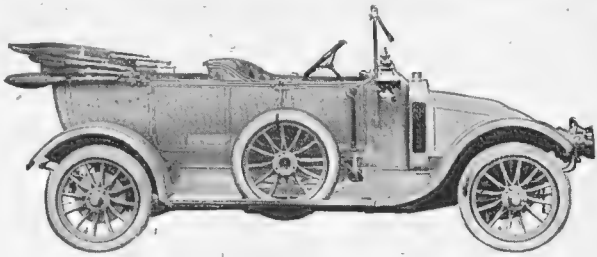
Born
 1820:
 Still
 Going
 Strong.

The Modern Cry—"JOHNNIE WALKER."

*Oh, would that wood be always dry, and brightly burn when friends draw nigh,
 With Johnnie Walker standing by to seal the bond of friendship.*

*Johnnie Walker "White Label" is 6 years old. "Red Label" is 10 years old.
 "Black Label" is 12 years old. To safeguard these ages, our policy for the future
 is our policy of the past. First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks over
 sales is always large enough to maintain our unique quality.*

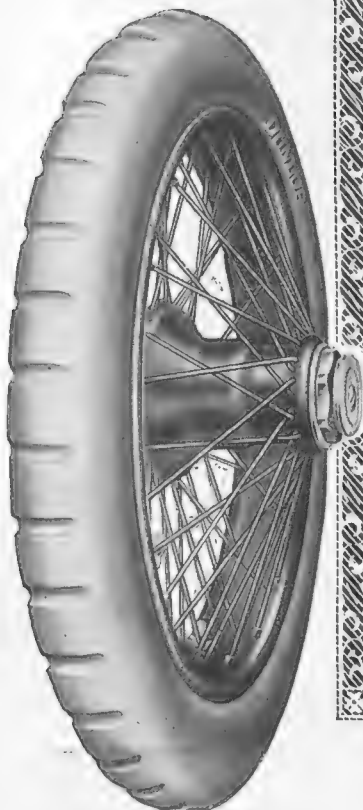
JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.



11.9 h.p., £285.

— Arrol-Johnston "point-nine" cars have been on the market for three years now, and this year the demand could not possibly be filled. *Quality and Time are friends!*

STAND 61, OLYMPIA.



JUST as in the mountainous parts of Scotland and Wales, or the dales of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, so in the plains of East Anglia, that district of quiet and repose, wide horizons, and ancient seats of learning,

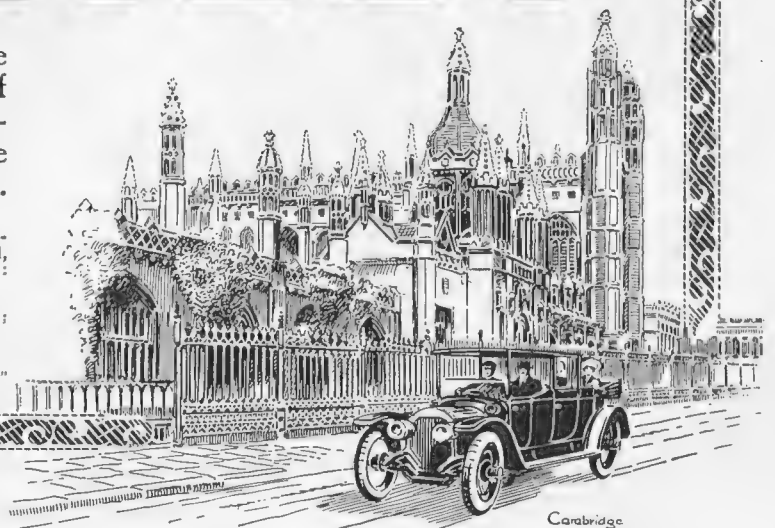
DUNLOP

tyres and detachable wire wheels give that degree of certitude and luxurious comfort essential to the complete enjoyment of the motor tour.

The English Dunlop detachable wheel is interchangeable with the French R.A.F. wheel, manufactured under the Dunlop licence: 42, Rue Franklin at Ivry Port (Seine).

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.
Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.

Make a point of trying the new Dunlop patent "V" golf ball.



Cambridge

What the Doctor smokes

The doctor's choice in tobacco is CRAVEN Mixture, and he is supported in that choice by the verdict of the greatest medical journal in the world—

"The Lancet,"

which published on August 24, 1912, an analytical report showing that of all well-known tobaccos CRAVEN is unmistakably the purest and best—the smoke of other well-known tobaccos yielding **sixteen times as much nicotine** as that found in CRAVEN. Therefore, the doctor smokes, and should recommend, CRAVEN Mixture as the **best for health.**

The purity and sweetness of CRAVEN are due to the special process possessed only by Carreras, Ltd., and by which all impurities and crude nicotine are removed.

CRAVEN MIXTURE is the tobacco immortalised by J. M. BARRIE as "Arcadia" in his famous novel, "My Lady Nicotine," and is on sale all over the world.

In cartridges, or loose in tins, 2oz., 1/3.

CARRERAS, Ltd. Est. 1788, Arcadia Works, City Rd., London, E.C.; & Montreal, Canada.
West-End Depot: 7, Wardour St., Leicester Sq., London, W.



CROWN Lavender Salt

are indispensable when travelling; the stuffy air of a railway carriage can be rendered refreshing and sweet-scented by leaving the stopper out of the bottle for a few moments.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:
THE CROWN PERFUMERY Co.
LONDON AND PARIS.

Makers also of the Celebrated Crab Apple Blossom Perfume.
Of all Chemists and Druggists. Beware of worthless imitations.

Sanderson's

"Second to None"

"Red Ticket"

"Mountain Dew"

SCOTCH WHISKIES

Robertson, Sanderson & Co.
LEITH. Ltd.

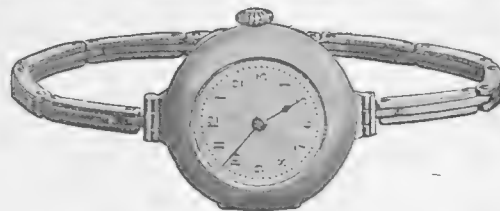
LONDON OFFICE:
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Duke Street, Strand, W.C.



The **Alexander Clark & Co. LTD**

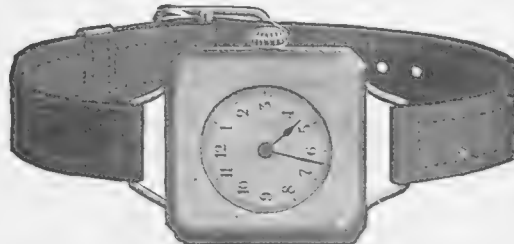
LADY'S SELF-FITTING WATCH BRACELETS.

A Large Selection in Stock. Special Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.



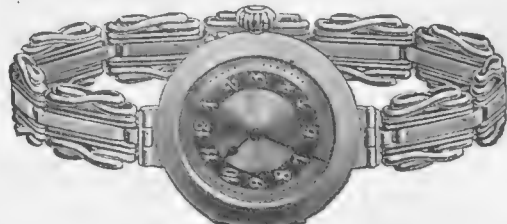
Solid Gold Expanding Watch Wristlet,
with fully guaranteed Lever Movement,

£3 3 0



Solid 18-ct. Gold, with finest Lever
Movement fully guaranteed - - -

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with fully guaranteed Lever Movement,

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188, OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.

125-6, FENCHURCH ST.,
LONDON, E.C.

Manufactories: LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, and SHEFFIELD.

10 Day
tube
FREE

White Teeth, Sweet Breath,
Healthy Gums—these are the
Pebeco user's sure reward!

By neutralising destructive mouth-
acids Pebeco actually prolongs the
life of the teeth. Its action upon
the gums and membranes conduces
to vigorous mouth-health, and its
use imparts a quite indescribable
sensation of freshness and cleanliness.

Doctors and dentists have recommended Pebeco for twenty years.

PEBECO

TOOTH PASTE

Pebeco Tooth Paste is sold ordinarily in large collapsible tubes, 1/2, by all Chemists, Stores, etc., etc.
10-DAY TUBE OF PEBECO WITH INTERESTING TEST FREE. Send 2 penny stamps for postage, etc.
P. BEIERSDORF & CO., 7 AND 8, IDOL LANE, LONDON, E.C.

THE SECRET OF PERFECT BEAUTY.

BAD HOMBURG.
 "I HAVE used the 'Cyclax' Skin Food, Hand Bleach, and Transforming Lotion, and I am more than pleased with the result, and I think your preparations are wonderful or they would not have done so much for me, with the short test I have given them."

I am 50 years old and an invalid; still, I can see a great decrease in some lines that have been in my forehead for years, and nothing has touched them before.

I feel that all the world should know of the 'Cyclax' preparations, as they are deserving of all praise."

INDIA.
 "I AM glad to be able to tell you that my skin continues to improve. I am also glad to find the 'Cyclax' preparations keep so well in this country."

LIVERPOOL.
 "... is delighted with the Bloom of Nature and would be glad of another box."

COTTINGHAM.
 "I LIKED the Skin Food very much. She would like another pot."

INDIA.
 "I REALLY am longing and longing for it to arrive. I have never used anything that has been so beneficial to my skin as your Skin Food. It preserves and beautifies one's skin most wonderfully. I only wish I could come home and be treated by you."

CO. CORK.
 "I AM following the directions most carefully and find a great improvement already."

RADNORSHIRE.
 "SHE likes the Skin Food so much that she will be obliged if they will send her another pot."

For several years before professional beauty-culture became so general as it is to-day, it was obvious to those who had opportunities for observation and who thought about the matter, that the loveliest and most popular women in Society possessed some secret and enjoyed some form of treatment systematically that was unknown to the generality of people, because, in spite of the great demands on their time and on their nervous energy, they maintained their beauty and their apparent youth in all its brilliance, and no blemish ever seemed to come to detract from it, however adverse the conditions to which they were subjected daily and nightly. *These splendid results* have been obtained by the use of the celebrated "Cyclax" Preparations, which have been privately used for many years by the Lady Specialist who invented them, in her exclusive Salons situated above the "Cyclax" Company's department for the sale of these preparations. Here throng daily all the elite of Society, and all the most celebrated beauties of the day, both in Society and on the Stage, and many well-known Royal ladies, also the most prominent members of American Society. *The inestimable* advice given by this gifted lady is free to the patrons of the "Cyclax" Co. There is also a large staff of experienced and well-trained assistants to give treatment under this lady's personal supervision, and the results, after even a few sittings, are astounding.

THE "CYCLAX" CHIN STRAP.

For Permanently removing double-chin and restoring the contour of the face caused by drooping muscles. Removes flabbiness under the chin. Price 6/6

The muscles of the Face and the Contour of the Throat are transformed by wearing the "Cyclax" Chin Strap.



"CYCLAX" THROAT LOTION.

Is specially compounded to be used with this device, and never fails to restore the contour of the face. Price 7/6

Thousands of testimonials (the writers' names are never divulged) have been received from Royalties of every country, Beauties of every nationality, Society Women, Artists, leading members of the Operatic and Dramatic World, and also from women of the most pronounced domestic sensibilities.

Why not immediately try the "Cyclax" Skin Food, 4/- and 7/6; the "Cyclax" Special Lotion, 5/6 and 10/6; the "Cyclax" Blended Lotion, 4/6 and 8/6, and the "Cyclax" Nourishing Antiseptic Face Powder, 6/6? YOU WILL NEED NO OTHER PERSUASION, as the result will be amazing in an incredibly short space of time.

READERS of this Paper who are interested in the above remarks should send for the Company's valuable Book, entitled, "THE CULTIVATION AND PRESERVATION OF NATURAL BEAUTY." This will be sent, gratis and post free, to all who mention the name of this Paper.

The "Cyclax" Co., 58, South Molton St., London, W.

NORWICH.

"I AM glad to say that I am pleased with the results obtained through the use of your preparations; my skin has certainly very much improved, and I have again a natural colour in my cheeks. I have great confidence in your preparations."

S. S.

LINCOLN.

"I FIND your Skin Food does more to relieve flushing of the face in cold weather than any other preparation I have tried."

S. S.

NEATH, S. WALES.

"THE ointment I had from you for the nose was very beneficial, and I have derived immense benefit from it."

S. S.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.

"WILL you please send to the above address bottle of Hair Lotion like I had before, which has done me a lot of good."

S. S.

EDINBURGH.

"I GOT a pot of your Skin Food some time ago, and like it very much."

S. S.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

"AFTER ten days' use of your Skin Food, Soap and Oatmeal Preparation I find my face much improved. Your preparations, as I have said, are simply delightful."

S. S.

PENMAENMAWR.

"YOU advised me to try the 'Cyclax' Preparations to build up my skin, with a view to eradicating wrinkles. I have used these preparations since then and have been very pleased indeed with the result. The lines under and at the corners of my eyes have practically disappeared, and those on the forehead are less visible."

BONUS YEAR 1912.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

FOR MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE

Particulars will be forwarded post free on application to

48 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE PEOPLE'S FAVOURITE

According to the amount one wishes to invest, we especially recommend for Gentlemen, "Riverside Maximus," "Vanguard," "Crescent Street," or "Riverside," and for Ladies, "Diamond," "Riverside Maximus," "Riverside," or "Lady Waltham," each movement having the name engraved thereon.

WALTHAM WATCH CO.
 (Wholesale only to the Trade).
 125, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

An interesting Booklet describing our Watches, sent to the Public, Post Free, upon application. For our convenience, please mention this Journal.

Waltham Watches

Rowlands' Odonto

Your Teeth can be made whiter and more beautiful, decay can be prevented, tartar can be removed, simply by the use of this Dainty Tooth Powder

For your Teeth.

It is a pure, non-gritty dentifrice, which polishes and preserves your teeth and sweetens your breath: remember that tooth washes cannot polish or whiten the teeth. Rowlands' Odonto is the best you can use, and is sold in 2/9 boxes by Stores, Chemists, and

Rowlands,
 67, Hatton Garden, London.

Melanyl Marking Ink

NO HEATING REQUIRED

OF ALL STATIONERS, CHEMISTS & STORES

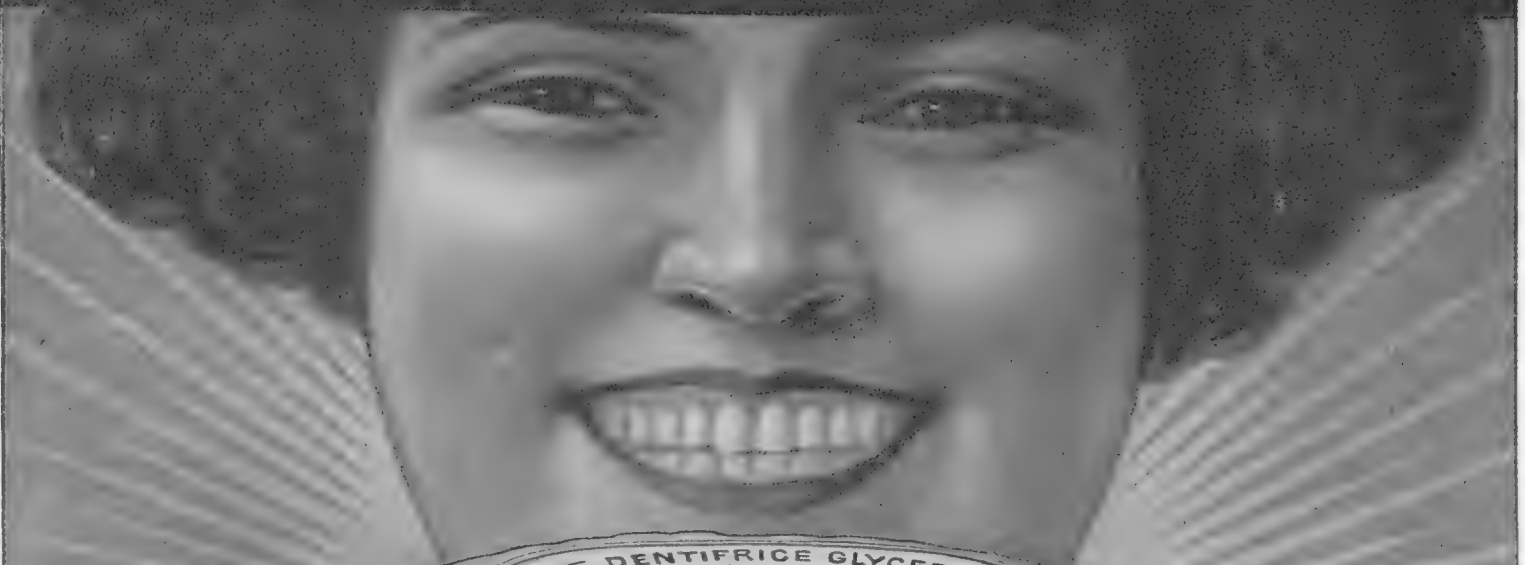
NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE

NICKEL LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH 1/- SIZE

COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD
 7 & 9 ST BRIDE STREET
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62 & 1/- BOTTLES

WHITE TEETH



ONCE TRIED
ALWAYS USED

ONCE TRIED
ALWAYS USED

WORLD RENOWNED GLYCERINE TOOTH PASTE

GELLÉ FRÈRES PERFUMERS — PARIS

SOLD BY ALL THE STORES CHEMISTS
IN 1/2 & 3/4 POTS



Royal Vinolia Vegetable Hair Wash.

THIS truly delightful Toilet article produces a stimulating, luxurious lather, which gently yet completely removes all dust, grit, dandruff, etc., from the hair. The pure, vegetable ingredients of Royal Vinolia Vegetable Hair Wash are wholly beneficial, promoting the life and growth of the hair and invigorating the scalp.

In Handsome Box - 1/-

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED,
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Leading
British and Foreign
car manufacturers
fit

Continental Tyres

AS STANDARD
for 1913

Visit us at Stand
No. 170
at the Motor Show

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Heroes of the Road.

The patrols of the Automobile Association render assistance at times to others than the members of the Association they serve, and in a manner which should obtain for them the respect of the general public. From time to time, they have distinguished themselves by prompt action in saving life, or administering first-aid services to the injured. Patrol Brookbanks, who already holds a Royal Humane Society's certificate for attempting to save the life of an infant who had fallen down a well, was recently the recipient of a commemorative medal from H.M. the King of Italy in recognition of services rendered to the victims of the earthquake which occurred in Southern Italy four years ago. Patrol Borrás was last week summoned to Buckingham Palace for the presentation of a medal by H.M. King George, for services rendered on the occasion of the wreck of the *Delhi* in December last. Patrols have also been instrumental in preventing cases of suicide. The last occurrence of this nature took place last month, when a man jumped into the River Severn. Patrol Tolland plunged promptly to his rescue, and after a great struggle was successful in bringing him to the bank.

The B.S.A. All-Metal Bodies.

In these days of perfected mechanical productions, it is remarkable that more attention has not been paid by motor-car builders to motor-body building on their own lines—that is to say, to proceeding with the design and output of the all-metal body. When you discuss, or attempt to discuss, this matter with the old-time coach-builder turned by force of circumstances into a motor-body builder, he will tell you that, if it is not impossible, it is at least undesirable, for the reason that a wood-framed body can be built lighter, and of more graceful design. As a matter of fact, this is all leather and prunella: the old-time coachbuilder propounds this view because he has worked in wood all his life, and is loath to let it go altogether. Consequently the departure has come from another direction, as motorists will shortly discover when they examine the bodies on the B.S.A. cars at Olympia. These bodies are framed and panelled altogether in metal, with the angle pieces in aluminium; and while they are infinitely stiffer than any wood body can be, no less than a hundredweight is saved in the weight. The upholstery is most ingeniously made up quite separately, and fitted into the metal body like a puzzle. In dimensions and line they are right up to date, and form an ideal body for the owner-driver.

Is the Wish Father—?

The *Isle of Man Times* is responsible for the definite statement that a motor-car race will take place in the Isle of Man next year. I very much fear that the wish is father to the thought, for at the moment nothing of such an event has been told in Gath, or whispered in Askalon. But the *Isle of Man Times* is quite emphatic in its announcement, and quotes a letter received from a prominent member of the R.A.C., to the effect that a race, or races, will most certainly be held in the Isle of Man next year, going on to say that when the particulars and conditions of the race are announced, its success from the point of view of entries will be assured. Also an early application will be made to the Isle of Man authorities for permission to hold the race. Well, well, so may it be. Possibly the persistence of our friends across the Channel, and the fact that our native firms are driven over there to demonstrate their productions, may at last have had effect on the Society, which has been the real stumbling-block all along.

Talbot's Tall Total.

The air of foreign climes, particularly that of the Antipodes, would appear to be especially suited to the well-being of Talbot cars. In another place I have chronicled an astounding consumption-record for a Talbot, which has wonderful comparative performances of other cars' and the certificate of the Automobile Club of Australia to back it. Now I have presented to my notice a copy of a letter from a firm of stock and land agents at Horsham—Victoria, not Sussex—in which this firm speaks in the highest terms of twelve Talbots which they have in constant use in their business. It seems that their avocation takes them entirely into the rural districts, where the cars have to run over the roughest of country (Australian) roads in all sorts of weather, as well as across bush paddocks and station runs. A 15-horse-power, to which they took in 1908, has run, they say, 120,000 miles, and is still developing ample power, and the remaining eleven are doing quite well, thank you.

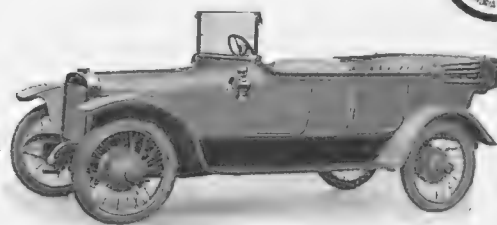
Front Brakes on the 12-h.p. Argyll.

It is not incorrect to say that, notwithstanding the great expectations formed of front-wheel brakes, they have only been fulfilled in one instance. Quite a number of our leading firms turned their designers on to them, after Mr. Allan Liversedge, with whom they originated, had given some very convincing demonstrations on a short wheel-base Panhard. But, as I say, all but one of these efforts came to nought. The one remaining is the Argyll system, applied to the higher powered cars last year, and found so successful that they are now standard on the smart little twelve of that ilk.



Olympia, Stand No. 36.

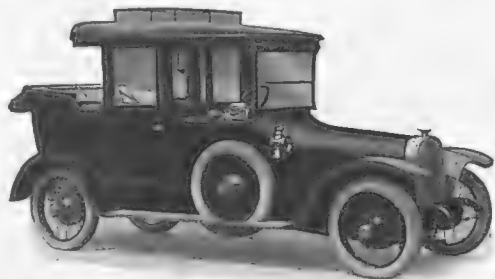
The ARGYLL



The Car of characteristic design and great comfort.

No car has the luxurious dignified appearance of the Argyll. Nor can any give the same degree of comfort. The new "stream-line" design of the 1913 models gives to the Argyll an elegance of appearance that has never before been reached. Luxuriously upholstered, fitted with those little accessories that tell for great comfort, roomy, with the body-work finished in an irreproachable style, the Argyll is unrivalled.

Fitted with the marvellous Argyll Single Sleeve Valve Engine these cars represent the highest standard of motor car construction—"the finest product of the highest-skilled engineering centre of the world." Efficient, reliable, light on tyres, economical in petrol, easy of control, the Argyll gives "day after day" service with little attention at a minimum of cost for upkeep. To ride in one is to enjoy to the utmost the pleasure of motoring.



1913 MODELS, with full equipment, ready for the road.

12/18 h.p. (4 cylinder Poppet Type)	Car Complete	£375,	(without equipment	£345).
15/30 h.p. (4 cylinder Sleeve Valve)	"	£575,	(" " "	£525).
25/50 h.p. (4 cylinder Sleeve Valve)	"	£750,	(" " "	£700).

Diagonal Braking System. All Argyll models are equipped with this patent system of braking on all four wheels. The brakes act on all wheels at once, and their enormous power gives absolute confidence on the very steepest of hills.

Don't purchase your car until you have had actual demonstration of the comfort and smooth running of the Argyll.

ARGYLLS, Ltd.,

Head Office and Works:

Alexandria, Scotland.

London Showrooms, 6, Great Marlborough Street, W.

And at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Cardiff, Liverpool, Hull, Leeds, Newcastle, Manchester, Leicester, etc.



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Excellent Grill Room. Moderate Charges.

INCLUSIVE TERMS - from 12s. per day.

Bedrooms with private Bath.

Herr Meny's Orchestra, 4.30 till 11.

AFTERNOON CONCERT TEAS served in the **HANDSOMELY-APPOINTED LOUNGE.**

Illustrated Booklet and Tariff Post Free on application.

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KHOOSH BITTERS

The Perfect Tonic and Appetiser.

Insist upon *Khoosh Bitters* in Gin, Whisky, Sherry, Mineral Waters, it improves them all.

Khoosh Bitters is a purely vegetable product—no chemicals, no acids, none of the dangers lurking in some of the nondescript Bitters sold.

The principal ingredient of *Khoosh Bitters* is a splendid tonic, famed in India for years, and in high repute amongst European practitioners.

The meal may be made or marred by the drink taken before eating.

Some beverages "satisfy" and so deaden the appetite, others create a false craving and leave the system clogged. *Khoosh Bitters*, on the contrary, prompts a natural and wholesome craving for food. Try it. Supplied at all Refreshment Bars and by all Wine Merchants.

For free sample write, with two penny stamps (to cover postage), to the
Sole Wholesale Agents:

W. H. Chaplin & Co., Ltd., (Dept. B.)
48, Mark Lane, London, E.C.



Harrods Jewellery

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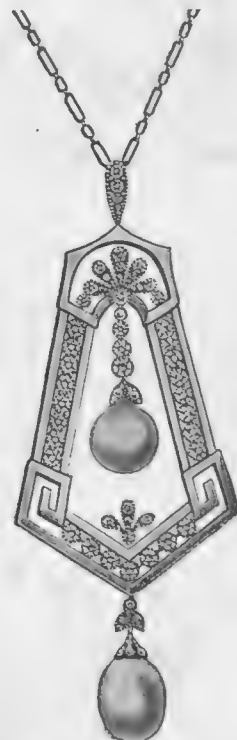
J 266.2.—Fine Pearl and Diamond Necklet, Setting entirely Platinum. Drops may be detached and adapted as Earrings.

£1075.



J 333.18.—Fine Pearls and Diamonds, Set entirely in Platinum.

£325.



J 333.36.—Fine Pearls and Diamonds, Set entirely in Platinum.

£520.



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RICHARD BURBIDGE, Managing Director.

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ORGANISED BY
THE SOCIETY OF MOTOR MANUFACTURERS & TRADERS LTD
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THE WORLD'S LARGEST TRADE EXHIBITION

Unsurpassed in its International comprehensiveness, all the leading makes of cars of Great Britain, Europe and America being represented.

Novelties in Accessories, Electric and Acetylene Lighting, Tyres, Wheels, Rims, Carburettors; Magnificent Specimens of Coachbuilding; Ingenious Ignition System.

Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards thrice daily.
Popular catering by J. Lyons & Co., Ltd. (Special improved facilities).

Admission - - ONE SHILLING,

except the following days: Tuesday 5/-, After 5 p.m., 2/6; Monday and Thursday 2/6, After 5 p.m., 1/- Open daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.



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As a Town Carriage the Sunbeam is ideal. Its fine, easy action, its unfailing reliability, its elegant appearance, smooth riding qualities have won the approval of many distinguished users. And it has an unrivalled reputation for efficiency.

SUNBEAM

First, Second, and Third in the Grand Prix Light Car Class. Winner of the Coupe de Régularité and Coupe de l'Auto. Holder of numerous World's Records.

Be sure and see our exhibit at

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Write for Catalogue and full particulars.

The SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR Co., Ltd., UPPER VILLIERS ST., WOLVERHAMPTON

Manchester : 112, Deansgate.

Agents for London and District : J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond Street, W.

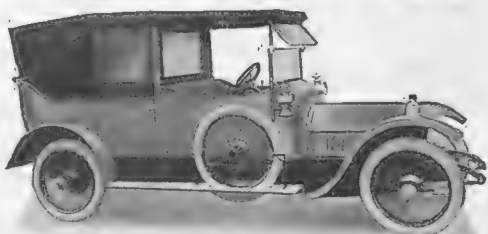
1913

Crossley

1913

15 h.p. 20-25 h.p.

STAND 53 OLYMPIA



"OF GAS-ENGINE FAME."

C.D.C.



IN company with several other well-known firms we were unable to obtain space at the

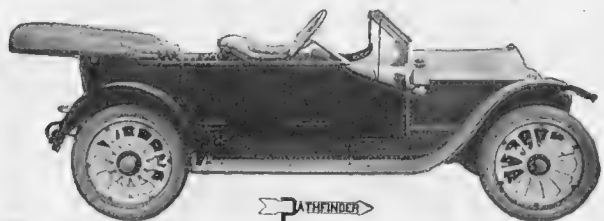
MOTOR SHOW

at Olympia. We are accordingly arranging a special exhibit of Pathfinder cars (including an exact duplicate of the 4-cylinder car which made the famous circuit of Great Britain on top gear under R.A.C. observation) at our showrooms—

**12, HEDDON ST.,
REGENT ST., W.**

In order that you may have an opportunity of testing Pathfinder excellence for yourself, we shall be pleased to call at your London address for you and drive you to Olympia.

Drop us a note to-day.



THE PATHFINDER COMPANY, LTD.,
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Telegrams : "Pathdep, London." Telephone : 3733 Gerrard.

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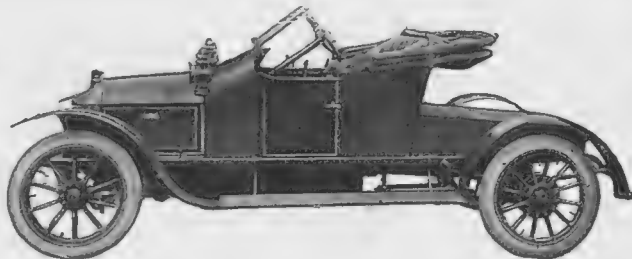
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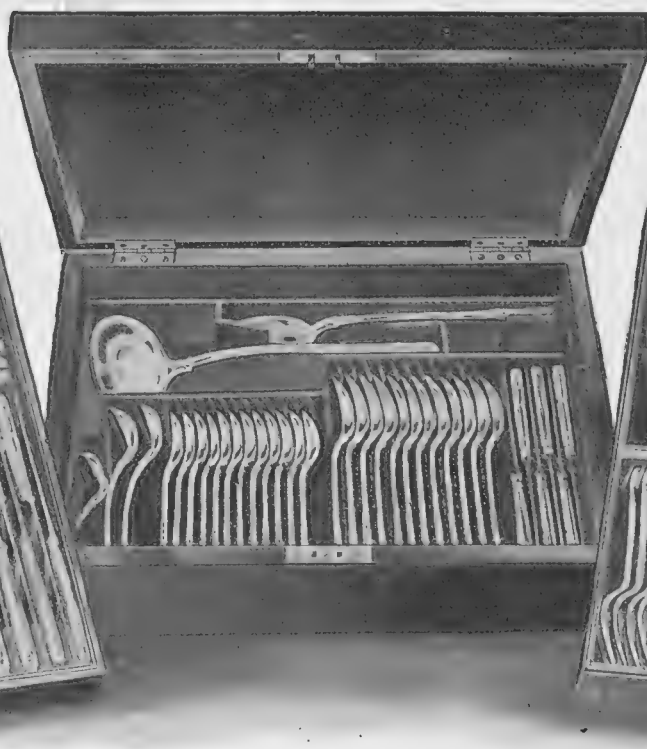


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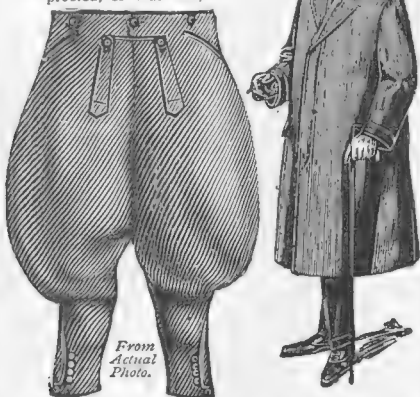
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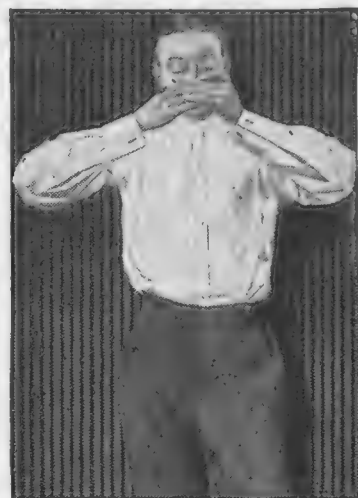
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the Films "Manger to Cross"; Masters of Foxhounds, New and Old; Diamonds and Flamingoes; Miss Gina Palerme; Mlle. Gaby Deslys and Mr. Harry Pilcer; Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry; "Rosalind," at the Duke of York's; The Glider; Rubinstein Barbaric; Mlle. Anna Pavlova Rehearsing; "Kill that Fly," at the Alhambra.

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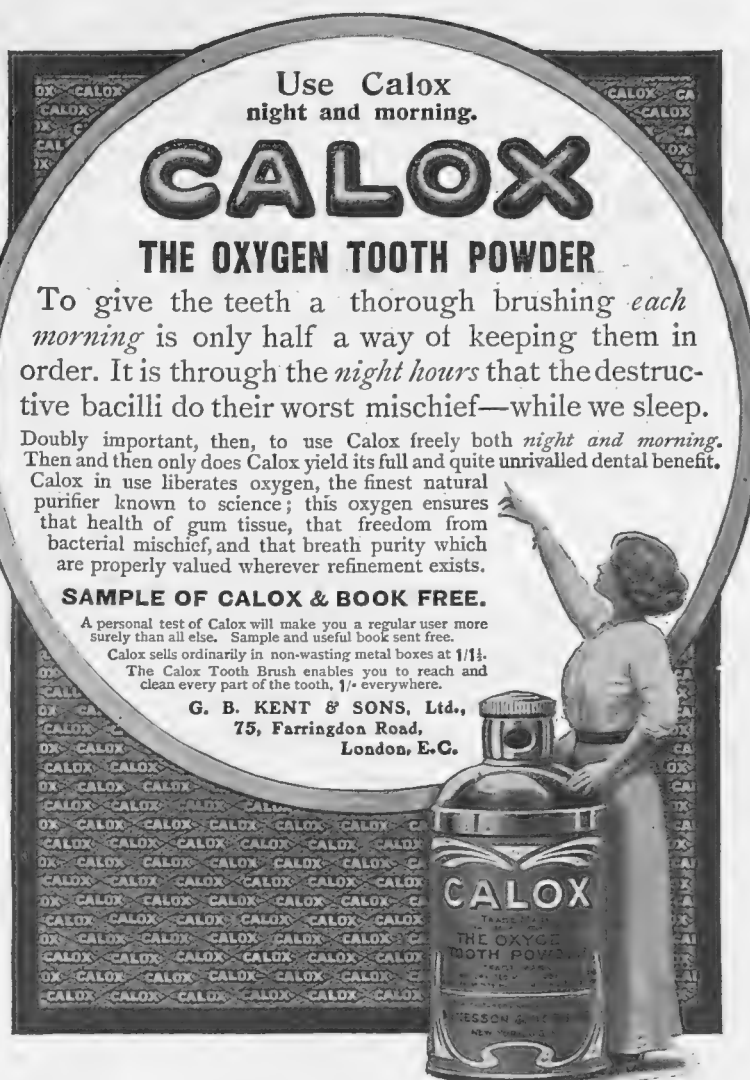
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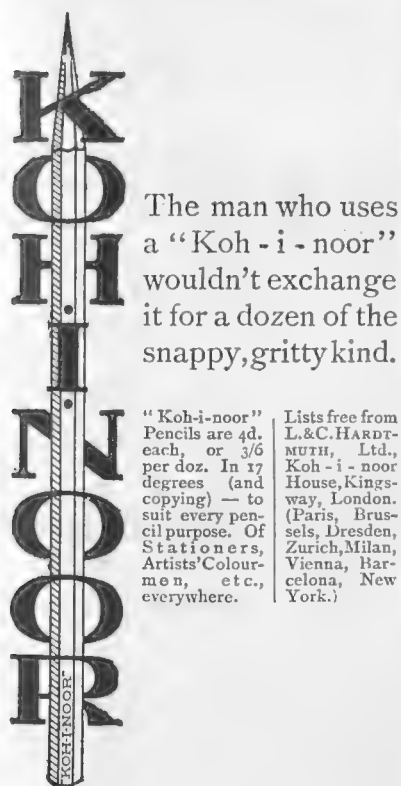
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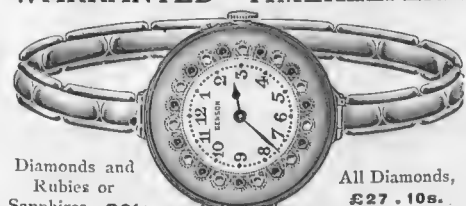
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THE TSAREVITCH: HOPE OF A HUNDRED MILLION.

TWICE in his short life, while Empires have been reeling, the little Tsarevitch, heir to All the Russias, has challenged and won the attention of the civilised world. He was born during the progress of the Russo-Japanese War, and mankind turned from the contemplation of the carnage to breathe a blessing on his infant head; and now in his mysterious illness, though the most portentous and sanguinary conflict ever waged rouses the world to excitement and dismay, again this child's affairs divide the solicitude of humanity. The papers have been scanned with as eager interest for news from that little sick-room as for tidings from the ensanguined fields of the Near East. His Imperial Highness is without exception the most interesting boy in the world, not simply because he is heir to one-sixth of the entire earth, but from circumstances which render the story of his birth and short career unique.

Never did parents more ardently desire a son than did the Tsar and Tsaritsa; never were rulers' prayers more fervently echoed by a nation. Girl after girl was born, and, in the absence of an heir, the people, disappointed again and again, pitied their Little Father and held in disfavour the woman who bare him daughters when they all yearned for a royal heir. They believed that the birth of daughters instead of a son was a manifestation of divine displeasure. In their distress, it has been rumoured in some quarters, the unhappy couple solicited the aid of a spiritualistic medium, and a mishap to the Tsaritsa was attributed to the agency of this person. Then the people said in their wrath, "She is no longer worthy, then, to bear even daughters." It was next announced that the royal couple were to spend Lent in a holy place, to pray for a son. The entire nation prayed with them. And there came—another daughter! Need it be wondered that when, eight years ago, a son at last was born, all else for the moment was forgotten in the presence of a seeming miracle achieved?

Only once before in the history of the land had a son been born to a reigning Tsar of Russia, and that was nearly two-and-a-quarter centuries earlier. Everything touching the life of this baby miracle, therefore, became invested with unprecedented significance. Such a christening there never was. There was a special coach for the sceptre of the Master of the Ceremonies; there was a coach-and-six for the Lord Chamberlain; there were special coaches for those who were to hold the royal pillow and lawn; there was a golden chariot, drawn by eight snow-white steeds, carrying the precious infant himself; with two queens among his god-parents, and princes from half the royal houses of Europe, to say nothing of a train of sixteen grand dukes, and two fierce generals to hold the baby's veil.

But the bitter irony of the situation peeped out even at this early stage. Simultaneously with the voluminous Rescript which, in words, constituted an unparalleled charter of charity and forgiveness, of taxes remitted, fines liquidated, punishments revoked, and sentences of banishment and exile wiped out—simultaneously with this came forth orders doubling the stringency of the regulations directed to safeguarding the lives of the royal family. It was specially declared that no person within a given radius of the royal demesne should take in lodgers, lest they should harbour Terrorists unawares; that no person should take photographs in the royal parks, in case cameras should prove screens for bombs; that they should not paint or sketch, that they should not even eat a sandwich there, lest the production of food from a hidden receptacle should lead also to the production of some lethal missile. A fence of spikes was run up round Tsarskoe Selo; the woods were sown with hidden sentinels, with detectives to watch these, and others to survey the movements of the watchers. The royal babe, so long desired, cradled in opulence and luxury beyond comparison, was really from his earliest hours in prison. The hope of a million people at once focussed the murderous schemes of Terrorists who hitherto had aimed at the Tsar alone.

The most sensational stories from time to time leaked out, of attempts to introduce poison into the little Tsarevitch's food, of attempts to kidnap him, to scald him to death in his bath. This last story was for a time as deep a mystery as his present illness. A prominent Terrorist at last volunteered an explanation. It was true, he said, that an accident had happened, but the Terrorists were guiltless. The Tsar, distrusting everybody, had himself insisted that the bathing of the boy should be entrusted only to his own or the Tsaritsa's hands. Preoccupied with his war cares, the Tsar had himself filled the child's bath with scalding, instead of lukewarm water, and was on the point of plunging him into it when the Tsaritsa entered the room and snatched the babe to safety.

When he was four years old, the Empress herself found on the child's bed a note announcing that he, with the Tsar, had been sentenced to death. Evidence of a deep-laid plot was forthcoming in the discovery of electric wires attached to no fewer than seventeen bombs in the palace. Servants of the royal household were found to be in close association with Terrorist organisations. It is her constant terror for the life of her little son that keeps the Empress in a state of nervous tension, and the rumour of her attempt upon her own life last week was regarded as a natural result of her anxiety ever since her boy was in his cradle. It is a sad but indisputable fact that there is not a child in the poorest hovel in all broad Russia who has not a fairer chance of life than this little Prince for whom one-sixth of the world is waiting as his prize.

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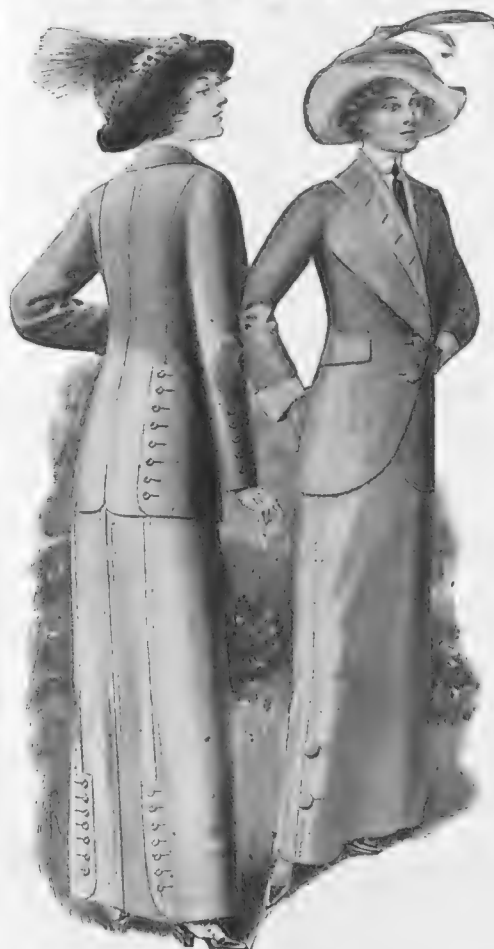
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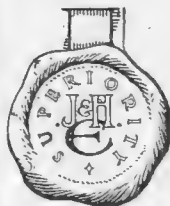
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"The Joyous
Adventures of
Aristide Pujol."**By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.
(*The Bodley Head.*)

Aristide spoke for himself to much purpose in the suggestion which he gave to his admirer and biographer of being a "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." *C'est un peu moi, hein?* But the Autolycus vein must not be insisted upon, for Aristide "never in his life exploited another's wealth to his own advantage." Aristide was a soldier of fortune; never so happy as when taking chances; his whole life was a gamble, with Providence holding the bank. "The fact that he had never done a thing before was to him no proof of his inability to do it. In his superb self-confidence he would have undertaken to conduct the orchestra at Covent Garden or navigate a liner across the Atlantic." And in Mr. Locke's own manner, for which the oft-repeated word "brilliant" seems still the one word possible, the various undertakings of Aristide are set forth. We meet him as purveyor of a corn-cure, driving a motor so crazy that not only horses but other automobiles shied at it; as Directeur of the Agence Pujol (that is, a glorified courier) we accompany him across Paris, and share with favoured tourists his *memoria technica* for the instant recognition of the three orders of architecture—"Cabbages, Corinthian; horns, Ionic; anything else, Doric." When, "like a dragon-fly personally conducting two moles through a rose-garden" he fluttered up the Louvre staircase with Mr. and Mrs. Ducksmith, past the Winged Victory—"the wind of God in her vesture," and "Umph! no head," said Mr. Ducksmith, and "Would it cost very much to get a new one?" asked Mrs. Ducksmith—we are privileged to catch Aristide's reply, alive with French *flair* for a masterpiece: "It would cost the blood and tears and laughter of the human race." In these pursuits, as gambler, as French professor in Manchester; as organiser of Perpignan-Ville de Plaisir, Aristide discovers his fantastic genius, his chivalrous, lovable nature, in a hundred fashions. With women he is superlatively himself, and poses most radiantly in those "more superficial sexual attractions which we English, as a race, take so seriously and puritanically, often to our most disastrous undoing, and which the Latin light-heartedly regards as essential but transient phenomena of human existence." Wonderful Aristide could have awakened the heart of a Miss Murdstone, and had he come across one, he still more wonderfully would have

wished to do so. He loved to exert his half-mesmeric power. "He had not the soul of a mountebank, for Aristide's soul had its high and generous dwelling-place; but he had the puckish swiftness and mischief of which the successful mountebank is made." This is the completely delightful creature whom Mr. Locke has chosen to celebrate. There were several reforms which Aristide contemplated were he king of England—such as the banishment of the bakers to Siberia, and the compulsion on every work-girl to do her hair properly; but one of his decrees will take effect at once—namely, that we shall laugh three times a day. For one day at least, and in that particular he may realise kingship over Britain.

"Sally."By DOROTHEA CONYERS.
(*Methuen.*)

Sally and her like will always have their devoted public while they hunt in Ireland. A man crossed in love, and therefore bound by all traditions of a good novel to lose his savour for life, might do worse than set up a hunting lodge in the wilds of Connemara. The particular sufferer who resorted to this means of continuing his shattered existence was decidedly in luck. To him—the melancholy recluse of whom the peasantry and quality were equally in awe—there not only danced the gay Sally Stannard, against whose magnificent self-confidence nothing and no one might oppose themselves, but the fair, the not-after-all false she, who was responsible for this quaint M.F.H., or M.R.H., as someone corrected, meaning thereby "Master of Rock-Hounds." This familiar thread is only valuable, however, as giving support to many delightful tags contributed by the most delightful peasantry in the world—in novels, at any rate. There is hunting down wind across treacherous bogs and blind banks, not so bad as the Master said, and, at least, no crowding or banging at the fences. "One had one's bebrambled rotten spot completely to oneself." There is hunting in still more impracticable conditions, thanks to Sally's particular humour. But the honours must fall to Patsy, inimitable in his Irish part of groom, poacher, or sportsman. Patsy is "a schamer acclimatised to the ways of hunthers," whether for foxes or copy.

We should like to mention, with regard to the photographs of Mr. Barrie's "Rosalind" at the Duke of York's, given in this issue, that the copyright of the photographs is the sole property of Mr. Charles Frohman.

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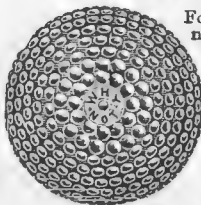
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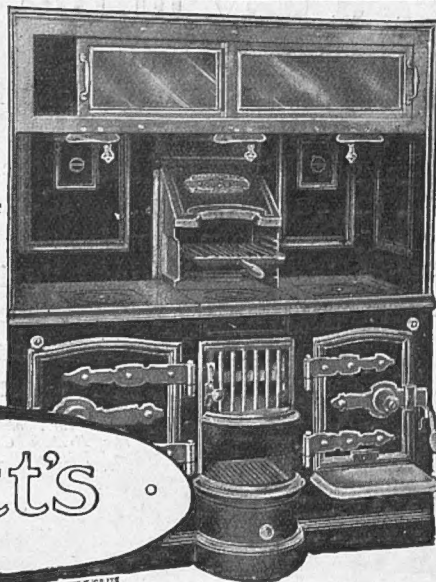
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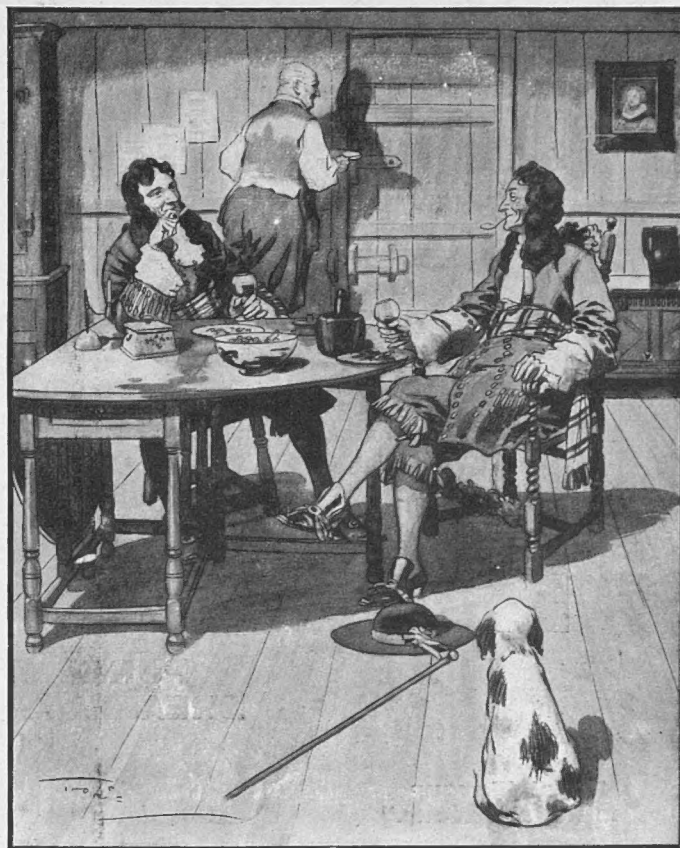
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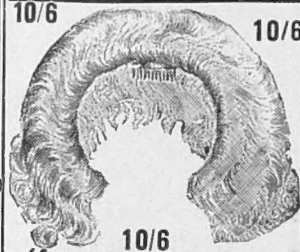
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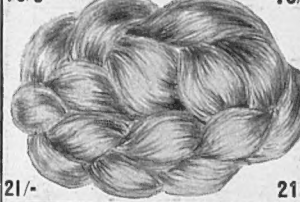
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